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RUFUS DAWES.



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Rufus Dawes

New York, Published by S. Colman.

M. D. E. Emmaus

P O E M S

by

Rufus Dawes



She turned — the blood scroll met her fading eye,
Tis done — the veil is rent from misery!

NEW YORK:

Published by Samuel Colman.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL COLMAN.

A musical score for a piano piece, featuring a treble and bass staff with various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'p' and 'f'. The score is written in a standard musical notation style with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The piece begins with a piano (p) dynamic and includes a section marked 'f' (forte). The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and a variety of articulation marks. The score is presented on two staves, with the treble staff on top and the bass staff on the bottom. The music is written in a clear, legible hand, typical of early 20th-century musical notation. The piece concludes with a final cadence and a double bar line.

GERALDINE,
ATHENIA OF DAMASCUS,
AND
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL COLMAN.
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AS A MEMORIAL
OF AFFECTION AND ESTEEM,
These Poems
ARE INSCRIBED
TO JOHN CRANCH, ESQ.
BY HIS FRIEND,
RUFUS DAWES.

*

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PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THE volume here offered to the public, is proposed as the first of a series of the writings of American Poets. Though Poetry has not heretofore met with so ready a reception as other works of fiction, the publisher has been prompted to undertake it, from a desire of aiding our native literature, and also from the encouragement of many judicious advisers.

A LIBRARY OF AMERICAN POETRY may be collected, which would reflect honour on any country, and add to the reputation of our own. Several of our Poets are well appreciated, admired, and respected abroad, and many others are worthy of ranking with them, who are comparatively unknown, except in the circle where they shine. The object of this series is to publish as complete a LIBRARY OF AMERICAN POETRY as is practicable;—the volumes to appear without reference to their rank in popular estimation. Each volume will be embellished with a portrait of the author, and a vignette title-page engraved on steel, in the highest style of the art;—the whole to be executed uniformly with the present volume, and in no degree inferior to it in any respect.

It was originally intended to publish this volume by subscription. After the manuscript was purchased by the publisher, this course was taken, and with flattering success; but the plan was abandoned on the ground that American Poetry ought to be published independently, under a full confidence that it will be properly encouraged. As the price of the volume is considerably augmented since the subscription, subscribers are of course released from any obligation to take it; but the publisher has the satisfaction of feeling, that while he labours to promote the respectability of American Literature, he has an intelligent community to sustain him,

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GERALDINE.

I KNOW a spot where poets fain would dwell,
To gather flowers and food for afterthought,
As bees draw honey from the rose's cell,
To hive among the treasures they have wrought;
And there a cottage from a sylvan screen,
Sent up its curling smoke amidst the green.

Around that hermit-home of quietude,
The elm trees whispered with the summer air,
And nothing ever ventured to intrude,
But happy birds that caroled wildly there,
Or honey-laden harvesters that flew
Humming away to drink the morning dew.

Around the door the honey-suckle climbed,
And Multa-flora spread her countless roses,
And never minstrel sang nor poet rhymed
Romantic scene where happiness reposes,
Sweeter to sense than that enchanting dell,
Where home-sick memory fondly loves to dwell.

Beneath a mountain's brow the cottage stood,
Hard by a shelving lake, whose pebbled bed
Was skirted by the drapery of a wood,
That hung its festoon foliage over head,
Where wild deer came at eve, unharmed, to drink,
While moonlight threw their shadows from the brink.

The green earth heaved her giant waves around,
Where through the mountain vista, one vast height
Towered heavenward without peer, his forehead bound
With gorgeous clouds, at times of changeful light,
While far below, the lake in bridal rest,
Slept with his glorious picture on her breast.

O thou who seated by the golden wave
Of classic Tiber, stol'st the prismatic hues
From the rich landscape that Italia gave, —

CLAUDE! whose celestial genius could transfuse
Heaven's beauty into earth's, and both combine
In those undying paintings only thine ;

Could'st thou have travelled to our western sky,
And neared the setting sun, whose vesture spreads
Its gold and purple, blent harmoniously ;
When Autumn chills the foliage, and sheds
O'er the piled leaves among the evergreen,
All colours and all tints to grace the scene ;

Thou would'st have shown that there are other climes
Besides Ausonia's where the heart may gush
With overflowing fulness, and at times
Feel the deep influence of bland nature's hush,
When evening steals in blushes to her West,
And clouds are in their marriage garments drest.

Not all unnoticed are thy forms of love,
Peerless AMERICA ! thy mountains rise
With cloudy coronals, and tower above
The vegetable kingdom to the skies,
Calling upon thy sons to gaze with thee,
Starward in homage of the Deity.

Thy rivers swell majestic to the sea —
In one eternal diapason, pour
Thy cataracts, the hymn of liberty,
Teaching the clouds to thunder, — on thy shore
The Tritons dash their chariots and tear
The adamantine echoes from their lair,

Where are thy bards, AMERICA ? The lyre
Hangs in its listless solitude too long ;
Why should the song of nightingales expire,
Because the rooks are screaming — raise their song
And still the dissonance their silence brings !
Bards of the mountain lyre, awake its strings !

And thou compeer of ZAMPIERI, lend
A master-genius to Columbia's glory,
Touch with immortal beauty, and extend
Thy name with her's to never-dying story ;
Rise ALLSTON ! the Assyrian Feast detains
A hundred million hearts — a world complains.

Within that cottage girdled with green wood,
Dwelt one of those heroic men who gave
Their early strength to freedom, who withstood
Opprobrium and looked smiling on a grave,
So might their sons be free. Who would have held
Our race had fathers so unparalleled ?

The men who deluged BUNKER-HILL with blood,
Have left a progeny that stand for gold,
As firmly as for Liberty they stood.
Go to that sacred altar and behold
Lean Avarice with Gratitude contending,
And Liberty her backward glances sending !

Go, see the fire gleam over CHARLES once more,
While heaven looks down in blushes, — 'tis the same
Demoniac vengeance kindled on his shore,
To light up rebel Freedom's funeral flame.
One Hero more, and emigration's tide
Will kiss the Atlantic on its eastern side.

'Twas well with him who lorded the rich soil,
Where so much beauty and true grandeur reigned :
WILTON was known to few, since years of toil
A fortune and that sweet retirement gained :
His earthly hope anchored on one sweet child,
That many a weary hour of care beguiled.

How like the heart is to an instrument,
A touch can wake to gladness or to wo !
How like the circumambient element,
The spirit with its undulating flow !
The heart — the soul — O, mother Nature, why
This universal bond of sympathy !

Why should chromatic discord charm the ear,
And smiles and tears stream o'er with troubled joy,
Unless our guardian angels hover near,
To wake some sense we know not to employ ;
Intenser faculties of love, concealed,
And in such moments painfully revealed ?

First, like the breath of summer o'er the strings
Of the unfingered lyre, the infant heart
Pours forth in smiles minutest echoings,
Responsive to its mother's, ere the art
Of waking kindred feelings is applied,
While every string has melody untried.

Then, childhood's trial comes, — how faint its pleasures !
The gossamer that sets the diamond dew
Full of the daybeams, like enjoyment measures,
Ere the rude wind has torn its web in two.
Who would go back to childhood, for the brief
Illusion that but gilds its darker grief ?

To feel an unintelligible being —
To roam in faëry-land and dream awake —
To strain the gaze intensely, without seeing —
To thirst — yet know not how our thirst to slake ;
Such are its misnamed pleasures ; — who, with power,
Would be a child again one little hour ?

Then, comes the breathing-time of young romance,
The June of life, when Summer's earliest ray
Warms the red arteries, that bound and dance,
With soft, voluptuous impulses at play,
While the full heart sends forth as from a hive,
A thousand winged messengers alive.

These, as they murmur o'er Love's nectar-cup,
With sympathetic feeling light among
Hyblæan roses, till they garner up
Sweet treasures, where the lonely bird has sung
His unavailing love, — and thus they fill
The cells of memory, against future ill.

And GERALDINE was one of those few maids,
Who live to throw a glory on their sex,
Not made for routs and balls and masquerades,
And heartless fashion's follies that perplex ;
Her heart was formed for love and seemed to vie
With virtue's self in active charity.

Her household duties done, at summer eve,
She loved to sit without the cottage door,
And watch the sunbeams, as they took their leave
Of bush and tree, while shadows gathered o'er
The distant mountain's brow, when all was still,
Listening to hear the plaintive Whip-poor-will.

There is a glory in the dying day,
That hallows meditation, and subdues
The willing heart with such effectual sway,
While mind with nature holds sweet interviews,
That passion sleeps, while heavenward hopes ascend,
To dream of pleasures that shall never end.

Thus was her virgin mind by nature led
To look beyond the sphere of this fair earth,
While in her ample page, the vision read
High correspondences of heavenly birth,
And pure philosophy, whose cloudless eye
Looks thoughtfully on man's humanity.

Her heart was formed for universal love
And self-communion, — not a flower that bent
Its petals to the sun, but from above
Suggested to her thought some kind intent ;
And she would nurse their buds, as if a sense
Perceived her bosom's kindred innocence.

How shall I paint her beauty ? — I have seen
A Magdalene of GUIDO's, where was wrought
Her still expression, when her brighter mien
Was shadowed by the holiness of thought ;
Yet was its beauty more divinely pure,
Transcending art's supremest portraiture.

"Twere easier far to paint the hues of heaven,
When morn, resplendent with new glory, wakes,
Or steal the varying tints by sunset given
To the gold-crested wave, the while it breaks,
Than to embody the harmonious grace,
That, ever changing, flitted o'er her face.

Her eyes were like the sapphire of deep air,
The garb that distance robes elysium in,
But O, so much of heaven lingered there,
The wayward heart forgot its blissful sin,
And worshipped all religion well forbids,
Beneath the silken fringes of their lids.

She had a look that seemed to reach afar
Some lovely object distant from our sight,
As if communing with some brighter star,
Or drinking in an angel's smile of light :
Some thought her reason touched, so rapt her air,
Whene'er her spirit lifted her in prayer.

She loved to roam in SPENSER's faëry bowers,
And drink delicious music from his page,
And while she listened to the dropping showers,
Mark how his courtly heroes could engage,
Well pleased to see triumphant virtue rise,
And hold a bosom's purity the prize.

She loved to lend imagination wing,
And link her heart with JULIET's in a dream,
And feel the music of a sister string
That thrilled the current of her vital stream,
Or on her faëry isle, to laugh and cry
With sweet MIRANDA, and yet know not why. '

Scarce sixteen summers o'er her loved abode
Had heard the green leaves rustle, since her sire
Wept o'er the infant that its being owed
To a fond mother's death. Thus hopes conspire
To cheat the human heart; our wishes crave
That which we do not dream must prove a grave.

But WILTON loved his child, and in her face,
Smiled to behold the swelling buds of thought,
And every lineament distinctly trace,
Of her he, waking, found not where he sought :
His ADELAIDE was gone, — but O how pure
His joy while gazing on this miniature !

There, in the green, retiring solitude,
The varying face of nature marked the hours,
As sunshine drew the shadows round the wood,
Or kissed the orient crystal from the flowers,
Or barred the west with gold, or called away
The beams that veiled the burning stars all day.

Why has there been no Eden here below,
Without a serpent ? — Unalloyed delight
Lives but a moment, and the happiest know
An earlier canker than the rose's blight :
But so it is, and they alone are sure,
Who, midst the worst, can patiently endure.

Love is the demon of man's paradise :

A few brief hours we thread its garden alleys,
And the bright pebbles of our path suffice
To lure us onward, while the flowery valleys
And sheltered nooks fill up our idle spaces,
Till other things come crowding in their places.

The virgin lily, in her innocent joy,
Holds up her cup brimful of tremulous dew,
And wastes her last bright bubble to decoy
The fickle light that stays an hour to woo,
And coldly leaves her, when she bows her head,
And joins the million broken-hearted dead.

O what a world of beauty fades away
With the winged hours of youth, — deep-breathing plea-
That still renewed with every coming day, [sure,
And filled affection's store-house with its treasure ;
How does it pass away, and passing, prove,
How much is lost from ignorance of love !

'Tis said there is a tide in men's affairs
That leads to fame and fortune, — there is too,
A tide in every bosom that upbears
Upon its wave an arch of mingled hue :
The light of early hope that cannot fade,
Till memory's sunset wraps the heart in shade.

It springs from early grief that knows no guile,
And lifts the eye to heaven, — still it bends
Through weal and wo, till passion's funeral pile
Smoulders in flameless ashes, — it extends
To life's cold verge, and fading, leaves the gaze
On that immortal bourne which bounds our days.

And so we love the memory of love,
Weaving around the phantom of a dream,
Ideal garlands, such as fancy wove
In early youth, building a world we deem
Secure from every ill — a world our own : —
Who would exchange such empire for a throne ?

‘How charming is divine philosophy !’
Philosophy I mean of one's own brewing,
The art of making up the loss of eye,
And viewing with a transcendental viewing.
For every block of marble holds a Venus,
With nothing but unchiseled stone between us.

O sage of Königsberg, immortal KANT,
O FICHTE, SCHELLING, HEGEL, and COUSIN,
Compared with you, how very small and gant
Is BRUCKER with his metaphysic gang !
What wells of ink you've wasted, but to know
One truth revealed to reason long ago.⁴

I pity him who loves to speculate

On the sublime relations of the soul,
Yet narrows down his views at such a rate,
He'd measure heaven with a ten-foot pole —
Who dares not dive in those forbidden wells,
Where truth, with falsehood mingled, ever dwells.

In MILTON'S Satan there is so much good,

That were it but abstracted from the evil,
A very fair ideal angel would

Spring from the mixed ingredients of a devil:
'Tis thus with every intellectual demon
The rankest infidel would dare to dream on.

SPINOZA, MIRABAUD, and DAVID HUME —

How frightful to the fancy ! how contagious
The pestilence they bear ! even to presume
To mention them, to some may seem outrageous —
The crucible of truth, some day, though late,
Will every false alloy precipitate. ⁶

There's scarce a speculative truth unmixed

With some foul error — and till men can bear
To keep their intellectual vision fixed

Upon the sundisc spotted everywhere,
The mind, bewildered, must be tempest-tost,
In faithless, hopeless, 'wandering mazes' lost.

‘On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,’ —
To take a line from the great living dead, —
Bards will make poems, though the critic bungs
Their eyes up for their pains, — myself would wed,
But for polygamy, the sisters nine,
Though courting them is certainly divine.

Scribendi cacoëthes, though it shocks
A scribbler like myself to say, in fact is,
An ousted tenant of Pandora’s box,
And claims the care of any doctor’s practice,
Who, if he sedulously go about his
Affairs, will find it commoner than gout is.

For gout may sometimes let a sinner rest,
And Colchicum will help him for a season,
Unless it leave a card within his breast,
And then there is no help from human reason :
The itch of writing is, and e’er has been,
To all who have it, like the gout within.

The paper-makers grow as rich as CRÆSUS,
And quills are getting dear as ostrich plumes ;
Fine times for all who have a chance to fleece us,
While we are walking monuments for tombs.
‘O AMOS COTTLE, for a moment think,
What meager profits spring from pen and ink.’ *

The bard who wrote these verses in a fury,
Did little dream, the while, what he was doing ;
He was not yet connected with old Drury,
And still was smarting under Scotch reviewing ;
He little dreamt each letter worth a guinea,
The while he dubbed a brother rhymer, ninny.

He poured his heart's full affluence in song,
And good with bad went reconciled together,
Right, eloquently vindicating wrong,
Like rainbows bending over stormy weather :
His faults were those of men, but who shall find
The heir to his sublimity of mind ?

BYRON ! high-priest of nature, self-abased,
In the great caste thou could'st not wholly lose,
Thou problem of humanity, I've traced
The tangled thread, with all its misty hues,
That bound thy complex being, and reversed
Through a mirage of mind, what goodness nursed.

Endowed with faculties, whose reach of thought
Could grasp all knowledge, with a mind, whose eye
Looked into nature, with a bosom fraught
With animal passion and kind sympathy,
How could'st thou help spreading thy mighty wings,
And soaring upward among brighter things ;

And bearing with thee in thy heavenward flight,
That love, imagination wrought below,
That it might bear a touch of purer light,
And coincide with what the angels know,
Within that luminous ocean, where all rays
Converge to one intoxicating blaze ?

O God ! that one should fall from such a height,
On the Dædalian wings of human thought,
Which, ever, as they rise above our sight,
Melt, while the mind with dizziness distraught,
Sinks to that hell, whence murky vapours rise,
In blasphemy, to curse the innocent skies.

Reason converses with humanity,
With nought beyond ; ' — that reason is a scale
By which to measure higher things, 'tis vanity,
One moment to pretend : — therefore prevail
Iron-hearted doubt and Atheism's brood,
And truth profaned by falsehood's hardihood.

Such is the rock that wrecks so many, tost
On the wide sea of speculative daring ;
Here BYRON foundered, SHELLEY, too, was lost,
A doom so many thousands now are sharing,
Who had they known the limit of all thought,
Had never perished in the gulf they sought.

Without the Palinurus of self-science,
BYRON embarked upon the stormy sea,
To adverse breezes hurling his defiance,
And dashing up the rainbows on his lee,
And chasing those he made in wildest mirth,
Or sending back their images to earth.

He saw APOLLO from the stormy deep,
Lift up his water-spouts to scare the flood ;
He saw him rouse the Python from his sleep,
And deluge superstition in her blood :
Blinded with light, his emulous arrow sheers,
And meek Religion bows herself in tears !

Alas, the emptiness of human good !
Men drew a picture false in light and shade,
And held it up as his similitude —
And BYRON chose to be the thing they made.
Thus reputation often may confer
On men an artificial character. ⁸

VOLTAIRE, while yet a boy, was told that he
Was marked for something strange, — that he would bear
The rallying flag of infidelity ;
From that time forth, it was his secret care
To flatter that bad hope ; — he did, and died.
Here are a thousand histories beside.

Poets, like fish, so sang a modern poet,
Do seldom shine until they are decayed ;
His language is more racy, could I show it,
But people are so squeamish, I'm afraid.
There never was a truer dictum said,
For bards are rarely thought of till they're dead.

The popularity of those who write,
Is more uncertain than an April day,
Much like a lantern hanging from a kite,
Which boys make out of pumpkins in their play :
It seems a meteor, but the clouds may wash
The fragile kite, when pumpkin comes down squash.

But then what signifies a little puffing,
Who cares for being blown up like a bladder ?
The goose that has the largest share of stuffing,
Has very little reason to be gladder :
Men, now-a-days reverse what HOMER brags,
And raise the wind, before they fill their bags.

There's a vile taste abroad, and what is worse,
It seems to grow more morbid every year :
One might as well darn stockings and turn nurse,
Make pap for babes, and ' chronicle small beer,'
As cater for the bloated thing that droops,
Like a sick Alderman on wholesome soups.

'Tis a sad truth in letters, while the love
Of money makes us more than patriotic ;
There's no necessity for one to prove
An aphorism native or exotic,
For public spirit, alias speculation,
Does wonders for a dollar-saving nation. °

I've known a person speculate in churches,
Who went 'to meeting' twice a day at least,
Yet seldom left the table without lurches,
And very often went to bed a beast ;
He'd give a fip to clothe a beggar's shins,
And cover thus a multitude of sins.

And this was *Charity* ! the laying by
Of treasure in high heaven, — O human pride !
O vanity supreme ! as if the eye
Of the Eternal Spirit could abide
Hypocrisy so monstrous, and be mocked
With outward show of good, where vice is locked.

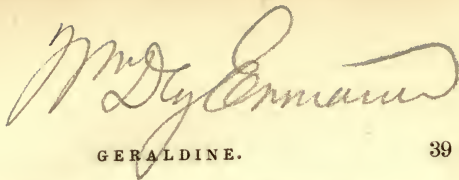
All men must live, — indeed 'tis very rare,
To find a person starving in our days ;
Some men feed well on sumptuous daily fare,
On canvass-backs and sundry other ways,
And many, who to ruin are turned over,
But 'go to grass,' to roll themselves 'in clover.'

Some know the world a goose and club together,
In hope to find a standing for their legs,
One salts its tail to rob it of a feather,
Another kills it for the golden eggs :
Friendship in trade abandoned store and cottage,
About the time that ESAU sold his pottage.

The silver age of poësy is past,
When lady-love so loudly woke the lyre,
And bards on such a frigid one are cast,
I hardly dare to one lone smile aspire,
That hangs upon the curling lip of rose,
Like a clear dew-drop quivering ere it flows.

But if there be no thrilling glance of love,
No siren whisper, no delicious smile,
No murmuring voice to hush the turtle-dove,
Nor eye to light up Cœlebs' funeral-pile, —
If my sad heart of hearts with true-love grapples,
I'll hie away and 'comfort me with apples.'

They say that gold can never charm Love's eyes,
Poor fellow, doomed to darkness, like the miners !
But then a truer sense the lost supplies,
In touch, that never can mistake the shiners :
He wears a little lens set round with gold,
Enough to warm a heart however cold.



GERALDINE.

39

Love long since left the myrtle-shade for towns,
He did not like to hear the green leaves rustle ;
His taste for nature changed for silken gowns,
And so he left the groves for ball-room bustle ;
And now no perfume from the roses thrown,
Can charm him like Maccassar or Cologne.

Then, while I sing of Cydnian-flowing brooks,
Or woodbine where the humming-bird may revel,
I'll have an eye on other things with hooks,
Wherefrom poor mortals dangle to the devil,
And artificial curls and forms that raise
The market-price of cotton now-a-days.

I am no woman-hater, for I prize
The gentle sex, though some have tongues of canker,
Though more of art than simple nature lies
Harboured within their little hearts at anchor ;
Society's a garden, where the rose
Is thorny, from the soil in which it grows.

Near where old WILTON's cottage blest the scene,
Uprose a lordly seat where fashion dwelt,
When summer flushed the forest-trees in green,
Or young VERTUMNUS saw POMONA melt ;¹⁰
A princely family were they, and proud,
Who rode in carriages and spurned the crowd.

Acus had been a dashing Bond-street tailor,
Some few short years before, who took his measures
So carefully, he always cut the jailor,
And filled his coffers with exhaustless treasures ;
Then with his wife, a son, and three fair daughters,
He sunk the goose and straightway crossed the waters.

O land of liberty, the last and best,
Where all men think, who *can* think, as they please,
Thou who hast feathered many a hero's nest,
Thou who hast suffered many a bard to freeze,
What witching skill hast thou, what strange agility,
In tricking out a kitchen-bred nobility !

So Acus found it, when his guineas flashed,
Where folly could be dazzled, and his girls
In laces flourished, and in jewels dashed
With alabaster necks set round with pearls :
Each wore an eye-glass and a conch medallion,
And spake a little French and sang Italian.

Then beaux began to simper at their sides,
And melt each other's ices with their sighs,
And calculate the chances for their brides,
And fix their collars and adjust their ties :
While the fair girls outshone the very day,
And thought themselves at every thing *au fait*.

But ALICE was the belle ; that is, she had
More manner, tact and beauty than the others ;
She tried to suit all comers like her dad,
And so succeeded with all sister's brothers ;
That not a beau for twenty miles around,
But he was in her silken jesses bound.

Her clear blue eyes beneath a forehead fair,
Arched like an Iris, looked beneath their lashes
Like morning-glories, and her curling hair
Threw off such light as from the laurel flashes,
When the half hidden sunbeam mellows down
The laughing face of summer to a frown.

She had an innocently downcast look,
And when she lifted up her eyes of blue,
It seemed as if her features were a book,
Where sweet affection lettered love for you ;
And there you saw the timid thought revealed,
Like modest PALLAS from behind her shield.

Fair prototype of ALICE, — by the way,
These characters are wholly drawn from life, —
Unmoulded beauty, chiseled into day, ¹¹
And just cut out to be a PELHAM's wife ;
How memory loves in soft, voluptuous dreams,
To watch your eyes and sun her in their beams.

'Tis sweet to fall in love when we are boys,
 'Tis sweet to make a faëry's pinions flutter ;
 O halcyon days when valentines and toys
 Set off the fragrancy of 'bread and butter ;'
 I've walked a hundred miles in boyhood's prime,
 To see a pair of belles and wake their chime.

Fair prototype of ALICE — should these lines
 Induce your eyes to bend their gaze upon them,
 If peradventure your lone heart inclines
 To recognise your features as you con them,
 Turn back your year-book but a dozen pages,
 And, after dinner, sigh o'er both our ages.

True, we've not gained 'the sear and yellow leaf,'
 Nor have the flakes of winter hinted crutches,
 But yet, I ween, the burglars care and grief
 Have both of us at times within their clutches.
 HAMLET was not alone, perhaps you know,
 When he had that within which passeth show.

But ALICE was a woman, and at length
 Resigned her true affections all for nought ;
 She loved with all her sex's soul and strength,
 But her ADONIS was not to be caught :
 And so she loved the more, yet hated, loving,
 For love's all-complex pulleys failed of moving.

Within the halls of fashion, she had seen
 A youth among the rest, who stood alone,
 Of gentle manners and of noble mien,
 And him she would have cherished as her own;
 But WALDRON was 'a lion,' who had come,
 Not to anticipate millennium.

Who would not be a lion? — one to whom
 The restless ladies every fidget owe,
 The cynosure of every drawing-room,
 Whose motto is *monstrari digito*;
 Who awes the great menagerie of fops,
 In admiration at his whisker crops.

For whiskers are enough to make a lion,
 So they are large enough to stuff a bed,
 Mattresses being very good to die on,
 And — see MONTAIGNE what he opinioned; —
 ALPHESIBŒUS might renounce his jumps,
 To see *saltantes satyros* in pumps.¹¹

Now there are many different kinds of lions,
 As there are wares, from porcelain to 'Brummagem,'
 Some manufactured by the curling irons,
 And others, the museums, should you rummage 'em,
 Could only match, — TECUMSEH for example,
 Done up at Alexandria, is a sample.

But then the surest way to lionize,
Is, after all, to travel, — that's enough ;
Throw off your modesty and damn your eyes,
‘ Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :’
Take every fort by storm ; — there's nothing vexes,
Like *mauvaise honte* the softer of the sexes.

The hero left unchanged to grace this history,
Obtained his lionship by foreign travel,
Seductive manners and a certain mystery
Of character, so pleasant to unravel ;
'Twas whispered he had shot his man, — but certain,
All his misdeeds were done behind the curtain.

In height he was lord BOLINGBROKE's ideal,
Five feet eleven ; — his hair both dark and curly,
Fell idly o'er a brow almost unreal,
So intellectual was it and so girly :
And then his Phidian features, finely chiseled,
The coldest heart incontinently wizzled.

I'm sorry that the unity of time
Cannot o'erleap a hundred equinoxes,
Else would I show how hard it is to climb,
Unless you are a lion among foxes ;
A season at the Capitol, at least,
Is wanting now to graduate the beast.

At this great University, the candidate
Must enter as a bachelor of hearts,
Ranking according to his dandy-date,
And estimated justly by his parts ;
Without which requisites, no human college
Will grant one chaplet from the tree of knowledge.

Lions, like certain nouns of some philologists,
Are of the neuter gender, sans declension,
While all such accidents as need apologists,
With them have no accusative to mention ;
All cases therefore yield to them by syntax,
While some they never can decline, like pin-tax.

But I am getting into HORNE's enclosure,
The labyrinth of syllables and sentences,
So I resume the thread of my disclosure,
Like ARIADNE's to regain the entrances :
In time I shall attempt a grand *descensus*
Averni, and the theme will recompense us.

Our hero was a youth of noble blood,
'Tis true he had no heraldry to cite,
But his hair curled, and this was understood
As *primâ facie* evidence of right,
If not of *title*, and his tiny hand
Betrayed the fabric, though 'twas contraband.

Where he was born, was not exactly known,
It was enough that he had condescended ,
To leave awhile the glitter of a throne,
And visit rebel yankees that pretended
To talk of liberty, and treat the fishes
To tea, served up in chests instead of dishes. ¹²

Now WALDRON brought with him across the seas,
A dinner-ticket, alias, a *carte blanche*,
Caught at by democratic humbugees
For entertaining strangers with a haunch,
And being laughed at even to their faces,
And regularly *done* in forms and chases.

Safe at the pier, our hero sent his 'plunder'
Up to the old Exchange — and took his quarters
Seven stories high, which made him somewhat wonder,
Because, he said, on t'other side the waters,
They kept their highest houses for religions,
And the accommodation of the pigeons.

One dinner given, the cards began to fall
Like snow-flakes, and the tea began to slaughter,
At those portentous battles without ball,
When characters are hit 'tween wind and water ;
Then jam succeeded jam, with dances gratis,
'Till WALDRON groaned in bitterness '*jam satis*.'

'Twas here he met with GERALDINE and ALICE,
 Two blooming beauties who had just come out,
 To taste society's thrice-poisoned chalice,
 Their first appearance at a city rout,
 Brimful of hope and innocence and buoyance,
 Both belles and revelling in youthful joyance.

There's nothing like manœuvring in good season,
 Ye parents who have daughters to dispose of,
 Especially, if you have any reason
 To think, in maidenhood their lives will doze off,
 And there is one in fifty thousand chances,
 That CASH's eldest son will make advances.

Suppose you have some half-a-dozen daughters,
 From four feet high to five with some odd inches,
 But cast your bread, you know, upon the waters,
 And save the shoe from telling where it pinches.
 Throw open wide your doors, — burn spermaceti,
 And never more despair of Bell or Betty.

And so the city Fair of matrimony
 Blazes forever, and the bids run high,
 'What's offered, ladies, for this matter o' money? —
 'A hundred thousand in the stocks! — who'll buy? —
 'Going! — who bids? — going! — he's good as ROTHS-
 CHILD —
 'Gone!' — and Miss WILHELMINA rocks the Goth's child.

O honey-moon of Love and crimson hangings !

O Brussel's carpeting and the et cetera !

O bankruptcy soon after ! and O bangings

Of headache and remorse, and things that fetter a
Poor devil that was married for his Bentons,
And having lost them, shares his rib's repentance.

Within that sea of silver, there was seen

A pearl, more lovely than the precious one,
Once sacrificed by Egypt's foolish queen

To vanity, — a deed since often done :
But now-a-days, instead of wasting pearls,
They have a way of melting down the girls.

The draught is always vinegar in gold ; —

What though the pearl that gave it worth, be lost —
What though the priceless jewel has been sold

For nothingness ? — the sacrifice that cost
So much, is registered among the things,
That gratify ambition's hankerings.

Why do we stamp upon the tender mind

Our false conceptions — why cramp nature up
In the unnatural folds around her twined,
And sanctify the bitter poison-cup
That saps the health of youth, — while Mammon reigns,
And round his horrid empire throws his chains ?

The causes are in human passion seated —

While ignorance and prejudice combine
To work upon the brain by self-love heated,
To cling as if for life at falsehood's shrine.
Strange ! that so many cycles should pass by
Without a gleam of true philosophy.

Could the cathedral of old Time, that buries
All natural changes in its boundless tomb,
Open to us its inmost cemeteries,
And from its moral charnal-house exhume
Truth with her thousand-folded robe of error,
Close shut in her sarcophagi of terror :

So might we tear the Stygian folds away,
And show the buried life in its true features,
Ere man's designing hand had made a prey
Of loveliness to mock his fellow-creatures,
How would we burn with shame to scan the pages
That hold the records of but threescore ages ?

Then might we see the human mind upspringing
In its primeval beauty, unencumbered
By the unnatural chains around it clinging,
Bolted and riveted by hands unnumbered,
Now free, and conscious of its true relation
In this fair world, its blessed habitation ;

So full of happiness—if man would feel
The truth that his Eternity is *now*, —
That Time is but a name for the great wheel
Of natural changes, — that to this we bow,
When we lie down in death, another name
For being, and though modified, the same.

Death only moulds the body in new forms,
Mind always *is*, in one eternity ; —
And when we learn to live above the storms
Engendered by false notions, and apply
Our hearts to wisdom, we shall find our heaven,
On this long injured earth, already given.

‘’Tis from high life high characters are drawn,’
Prerogative must form the real rascal ;
Plebeian knaves deserve our utmost scorn,
Whereas such fellows as are lashed by Pascal,
May rob the very altar of a horn,
‘Sprinkling with rosy light the dewy lawn.’

One ‘twice a saint in lawn,’ *de vini jure*,
Is thrice a saint in liquor ; free from trouble,
He loves his ‘enemy,’ and bears its fury,
And though his eye be single, must see double.
Pope Alexander always had his followers,
As Alexander Pope has had his swallowers.

Why is it that the world is full of wo,
 That misery in all her Protean shapes
 Breeds evil passions, want and vice below,
 That in ten thousand, hardly one escapes;
 What nourishes this mighty poison-tree?
 The Atheist answers, — 'Tis necessity: —

'Whatever is, — must be,¹³ — self-love supreme,
 'Is always moved by motive power to act,
 'And when self-love is vanquished, we must deem
 'The power-motive sufficient for the fact;
 'Man has no choice in acting, — he must do
 'Whate'er the motive-power prompts him to:

'And yet it is our duty to direct
 'The budding passions to a worthy end,
 'That moral conduct may be so correct
 'That public good with happiness shall blend.'
 All the necessity that here can be,
 Is the necessity of Liberty.

Thus even the fatalist admits the will
 Free to direct our actions to some aim;
 And thus we find good mingling with dire ill,
 While truth and error feed a common flame.
 But truth recedes when error spreads her sail, —
 Alas! how long must ignorance prevail?

Among the million victims of self-love,

WALDRON himself was found, — 'midst classic lore,
His mind had freely wandered, while it strove
To anchor on some truth unknown before ;
But self-derived intelligence destroyed
The only power he might have well employed.

Reason, he deemed, could measure every thing,

And reason told him that there was a law
Of mental action, which must ever fling
A death-bolt at all faith, and this he saw
Was Transference :¹⁴ He searched it and it left
The reason-dreamer of all truth bereft.

He loved, — where sings the heart-sick nightingale

In Albion's moonlit groves, the worshipper
Of nature breathed his melancholy tale
Of disappointed passion, — but the stir
And boiling eddies of uncalmed desire
Buoyed up his swelling heart, nor quenched its fire.

And now he recked not, but of pleasure's stream ;

Thought was to him a tumult, which so jarred
On his racked brain, that like a fever-dream,
'Twas steeped in madness, and his memory marred
What lingering gleams of gladness sometimes fell
From his thick-clouded sky, on Hope's farewell.

He sought new scenes,—he drained the goblet dry,
And whipped his rebel fancy to strange forms
That mocked him with angelic falsity,—

But, ah ! the fire that with delirium warms,
Curdles the blood at last with shivering pangs,
Like Winter breathing through his icy fangs.

Shame to the selfish throng who gather gold,
To build up palaces and mirror walls,
Where pride its towering image may behold,
While candelabri silver the wide halls ;
And this that rival folly may admire,
And hate the more, as it can less aspire.

Shame to such cramp'd idolatry, more cramp'd
From the strong contrast with the nobler few,
The generous, whom public good has stamp'd
Their country's benefactors, — they that hew
Whole mountains through to sap their shining veins,
And by Golconda's starlight tell their gains :

Who nourish the faint Arts and feed the poor,
And give their palaces, where pleasures ran,
For hospitals, whose beauty may allure
Hygeian gales to bless the dying man ;
Who yield the blind a sense that will upraise
A monument of gratitude and praise.

Maelstrom of fashion ! whirl of heartless fools !
Hell-tainted atmosphere of dizzy madness !
Where envy laps the filth of scandal's pools,
And Mirth herself laughs hollow out of sadness !
Where Virtue's form is aped by prudish Vice,
And Moloch self claims every sacrifice !

Within thy busy vortex WALDRON moved
And drugged his sense of wo, — an evil hour
To GERALDINE, — an hour alas ! that proved
To ALICE, fraught with desolating power.
The one grew gentler than the morn of Spring,
The other savage with sharp suffering.

For ALICE found where WALDRON's hopes were placed,
And saw that GERALDINE returned his love ;
She knew it were in vain for her to waste
The sighs she wafted tearlessly above ;
But jealousy and envy bore her up,
To mingle poison in her rival's cup.

In vain she summoned falsehood to her aid ;
In vain she flattered, and in vain she fainted ;
For WALDRON, having flirted with the maid,
Grew tired, and wished sincerely she were sainted :
Till love at last rose to a sort of madness,
And she would seem in sorrow, as in gladness.

Then slighted love turned to a settled hate,
And malice whispered vengeance in her breast,
And thus her tainted heart threw wide the gate,
Where wildest passions coiled their serpent nest,
So lived the wretched girl — but none knew why
Her cheek grew pale and sunken was her eye.

The winter passed away, and May, returning
With genial weather and ungenial taxes,
Drove the great few, the wealthy and discerning,
Who hail the moon of money while it waxes,
And turn their backs, when any signs of waning
Are indicated by assessors training.

And thus the merchant, who consumes the wealth
Of half NANTUCKET, pouring o'er his ledger,
When Spring returns, invigorates his health,
Not as a horticulturist or hedger,
But by transferring all his personal
Estate — wife, nieces, babies, nurse and all.

Once more to her abode of happiness,
Tired GERALDINE returned, not all uncaught
By the great snare of worldly restlessness,¹⁵
And dissipation she had lately sought ;
For she had learned to glow beneath the sun
That centres every feeling into one.

O would that love were ever still the same,
Unchanged, unbiased, constant, and sincere,
Would that the heart that owns a heavenly flame,
Might never dim its brightness with a tear!
But human hearts, alas! too often show
That bliss may sometimes banquet upon wo.

There came a cloud o'er WALDRON'S sunny smile,
And grief revealed her impress on his brow;
Care had built up contentment's funeral-pile,
And ashy paleness spread his features now;
And when he gazed on GERALDINE, his eyes
Saddened, and left her tearful and in sighs.

She loved him, and she gloried in her love,
For nature's imprint of a noble mind
Proclaimed his intellectual rank above
The common herd,—the loftiest of his kind:
And then his heart seemed pure and formed to share
Affections warm and true as angels are.

Now GERALDINE would watch the sun go down,
Day after day, in pining solitude;
And yet he came not from the crowded town,
As he was wont to do in careless mood:
Yet still she never deemed his thoughts unkind,
Poor guileless girl, to all but virtue blind!

He told her many a tale, and turned away
Distressfully, and forced his lips to smile;
But GERALDINE observed that anguish lay
Couched in his joyless eyes, that spake the while,
Unutterable language, half defined,
The speechless, hopeless, agony of mind.

And then such wildness gleamed beneath his frown,
That furrowed print of self-consuming care,
She dropped her silken lashes meekly down,
And veiled her features with her cloud-like hair,
Entreating him to make his sorrow known,
That she might share it with him as her own.

‘Why will you nurse that adder in your breast,
‘O WALDRON! why disturb your peace with care!
‘Within this heart is room for you to rest,
‘Alas! there is no place for others there;
‘For Heaven is robbed of love, that you, alone,
‘May rest sole sovereign on my bosom’s throne!’

Yet WALDRON spake not—but, with hurried power,
Rang out wild music from the troubled flute,
As if to drown the tempest of the hour,
And speak some language, though his tongue were mute.
We hear such music rushing from the strings,
When rude blasts wake the wind-harp’s sorrowings.

Thus was her agonizing heart oppressed,
Till the dark storm passed over, — then he gazed
Upon her wistfully, and mildly blessed
Her loving constancy, and gently raised
Her dimpling hand of snow, where one warm kiss
Thrilled to her heart with love's delicious bliss.

Strange ! how much darkness melts before a ray,
How deep a gloom one beam of hope enlightens,
When from devoted love is rent away
The veil of doubt, and her Aurora brightens
Like the fair Iris of a sunless sky,
When stars shine through and clouds pass idly by !

Love can atone for every thing, with sighs,
The only coin that passes without weight,
Their mint within the bankrupt bosom lies,
Their impress, passion all disconsolate.
But bills on Love thus bought, are surely no test,
For all his suits anticipate the protest.

All are not what they seem, — the humblest weeds,
Like funeral-garments, hide the wreck of sin,
And many a heart in silent sorrow bleeds,
Beneath the robe that falsehood dresses in ;
There is a guise, so like to Love's own dress,
The god himself would hardly deem it less.

'Tis thus our hopes are shipwrecked — if the breast

Be not steel-clad against the worst of ills, —

'Tis thus so many wander without rest,

While acid wo corrodes and tamely kills;

And many seek out graves, by poisoning slowly,

The bitter fountains of their melancholy.

'The morn is up again — the dewy morn !'

Fresh from the bed of night in matron bloom,

Weeping to see so many take 'a horn,'

And walk out rosy from the soda-room;

For many, ere the morning's eye uncloses,

Forestall Aurora's blushes on their noses.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,'

But not so pleasant when you're worn with labour,

To hear a bull-dog howling in the dark,

Chained to the gate-post of your honest neighbour,

With forty friendly curs that follows up his

Notes, in a panharmonicon of puppies.

Nor is it pleasant, lying in your bed,

To hear a duet from a brace of cats,

Or trumpet solos round your drowsy head,

From lean musquitos with their sharps and flats;

Nor is it more delightful to rehearse

All night, like WILLIAM PITT, your daily curse.¹⁶

To those who are accustomed to such blisses,
The morn is ever welcome with her smile,
Lighting a beauty in the ugliest phizes,
And giving pleasure to the heart awhile;
Making a man breathe freely and feel grateful,
For such an interregnum of the hateful.

There is a virtue in the breath of flowers
Borne on the light-winged dew-drops to the sun,
That melts from out these stubborn hearts of ours,
The purest incense to the Holy One.
A virtue, more medicinal for sadness,
Than morning drams to turn the heart to gladness.

There is a time for all things, says the preacher,
A time for dancing and a time for drinking;
The last is qualified by Dr. BEECHER,
And I am more than half his way of thinking:
A man may love his ven'son and be cramming it,
But if he loves his wine, must give up dramming it.

I made an estimation, some time since,
Of all the spirits drunk in Gotham city,
And found the gills that annually rinse
Its thirsty sons, enormous; more's the pity:
The total sum of 'drinks' would float as *we* know,
The British fleet that fought at Navarino.

All men have hobbies — women have them too ;

For my part, I've a dozen at the least,
And neighbour PRY can tell them all to you,

Who love an anti-intellectual feast :
Among the rest that number me with sinners,
I'm very fond of suppers and of dinners.

I love to sit, as I have often sat,

With men of genius gathered around the board,
To interchange at club, a social chat,

When wine and eloquence are freely poured :
'Let sage and cynic prattle as they will,
These hours' alone, 'redeem life's years of ill.'

I like to see the Mountain-dew served up,

No matter how, for mixing in the bowls,
But grant a wooden ladle for my cup,

To dip the liquid di'mond as it rolls ;
It minds me so of BURNS, in all his pride,
'Behind the plough upon the mountain side.'

Poor BURNS ! thy soul was hardly meant for earth,

Thy heart had here too small a dwelling-place ;
Nature that 'smiled upon' thy 'humble birth,'

Wept, when she saw the anguish of thy face,
That so much genius should be thrown away
On cold and senseless denizens of clay.

They slandered thee, fine spirit! — and the breath
Of heartless slaves that could not feel thy fire,
Swept over thee and tortured thee to death,
Thou martyr to the passion-kindling lyre!
But thou shalt live through time's revolving years,
The poet of our hearts, our smiles and tears.

We live — who heeds? We die — what then? All die;
And they who live the longest, have to bear
The weary burthen of humanity,
With little bliss and ever-dark'ning care,
Stuffing their sacks, as EPICTETUS says,
Fearing to die, yet groaning out their days.

We left the lovers in that calm condition,
In which Dan Neptune left the troubled billows,
What time he bellowed at the coalition
Of East and West on their ambitious pillows,
While o'er the blue, macadamized rotundo,
Flectit equos, curruque volans, dat lora secundo.

I'll thank you, patient reader, to excuse
My rhythm, or rather VIRGIL's, since I can't
Make our two horses travel as I choose;
My Pegasus is very apt to pant
With such an off-companion, when I've spanned 'em;
But were there one more HOMER, we'd go *tandem*.

We left the lovers in a sweet condition,
Dreaming awake, stark-mad in rationality,
Feeding on thoughts decidedly elysian,
With symptoms of a mutual partiality,
And feeling very full of generosity,
For self-love's very pleasant reciprocity.

Among the worshippers of ALICE ACUS
Was one of that insufferable genus
So common in all cities, — men who make us
Ashamed of any common bond between us ;
The beastly, brutal, brainless, bullying blower,
Infesting low hotels and hot hells lower ;

Fellows in wadded coats and hats cocked aft, —
Like the great WILD of FIELDING, when he ticked
For liquor, and refused to cash his draught, —
Fellows that never leave their game unpicked ;—
'Sportsmen,' in short, who dine on brant and widgeon,
And then for change, retire to 'pluck a pigeon.'

This modern Jonathan, whose name was BORE,
Was always flush of impudence and dollars,
And had a way of 'twigging' at her door,
A milliner who dealt in capes and collars,
With other things too numerous to mention,
And difficult for common comprehension.

This little milliner was French and modest, —
All milliners are French in rhymes and books, —
But this my milliner was sure the oddest
Of the whole tribe of Cupid's pastry-cooks,
Though nothing strange in ogling with the chaps,
And showing misses how to set their caps.

There are more things behind a gew-gaw purchased,
Sometimes, than people dream of ; but 'tis scandalous,
Cries mistress A. and B. and C. and her chaste
Friends, that a satirist should dare to handle us :
As if he fired the Ephesian dome, to drown
With melted icicles, the gaping town !

I sing of days gone by, and mingle truth
Too largely with my fiction for romance ;
And if some wincing jades yet feel the tooth
Too keenly, whirling in the giddy dance
Of drunken conscience — 'tis the vice, not I,
That plants the barbed shaft of agony.

Meanwhile, the heart of ALICE was engaged
In one great scheme of mischief : — when the soul
Is once corrupt, with passion unassuaged,
What can a female hurricane control ?
She made her milliner her friend, who swore
To work her full revenge through Mr. BORE.

And now I leave your sympathetic fancies
To fill the outline of this pencil sketch,
Hating detail—although it oft enhances
The interest of pictures, where some wretch
Has all his moral ulcers touched, to raise
The self-complacent virtuous of our days.

Let it suffice that WALDRON was drawn in
By the base tool that had no fiendish peer,
To the unfathomed depths of dismal sin :
When thus his demon-lover stunned his ear ;
'I have you in my power—the hour you wed,
Brings down an avalanche upon your head !'

There was a fête-champêtre,—the saloon
Of ACUS glittered with a thousand lights,
And music melted while the crested moon
Shone down on one of summer's fairest nights ;
The trees, like Cashmere forests, were on fire ,
And woman's eyes were drest in love's attire.

Away, away with care, 'tis pleasure's hour,
The wide lake answers to the voice of glee,
Groups there are seen in clusters round a bower,
And here a grotto rings with revelry ;
While glittering sets upon the close-cut green,
Whirl like a crowd of faëries round their queen.

As on Eurota's banks or Cynthus' height,
Waltzed the Oreädes — I was about
To steal a simile — but HOMER's sprite,
And VIRGIL's, and my own without a doubt,
In such a case, in our post mortem quarrels
Hereafter might dispute about our laurels.

But ALICE, like a silver-girdled gem,
Throws lustre on the band, and many an eye
Of many a vassal of love's diadem,
Bends on the smiling beauty listfully,
Who throws away sweet looks and does not spare them,
While other ladies take them up and wear them.

Far from the glittering throng, in modest dress,
Stands GERALDINE, her mild eyes softly bending
Upon the dazzling scene — yet dazzled less
By its bright glare, than by emotions tending
To make her tell-tale bosom heave its sighs
In visible delight to WALDRON's eyes.

Arm locked in arm, they turned them from the crowd,
And gazed upon each other, — who has known
Such hour of bliss when language was not loud,
And beauty's full affection was his own,
That would exchange one moment, for the treasure,
The loveless world could lavish without measure !

Now ACUS had a son just *compos mentis*
Enough to be the heir to his estate ;
And WILTON, therefore very often sent his
Fair daughter to see ALICE — and when late,
The hour of visiting, of course the brother
Protected her for want of some one other.

For WILTON, though affectionate and kind,
Held the same doctrine that the English hold,
That love is foolish in a girl and blind,
That marriage is all moonshine without gold ;
Besides, he guessed that WALDRON was a hum,
And knew that CLIFFORD would be worth a plum.

And so a match was struck between the sires,
In secret bargain — CLIFFORD was advised,
And bent his heart's best energies and fires
To win her love, and he was not despised :
For should an angel bow before a maid,
The god of gold would throw him in the shade.

Far from the giddy throng of mirth and glee,
Old WILTON marked his daughter with her lover,
And beck'ning CLIFFORD, bade him, chidingly,
Observe his rival — lest he should discover,
Too late, how well he sped with her in wooing ;
And that would be their mutual undoing.

O thou invisible spirit of love, that art
Worse than thy sister spirit wine, for treason !
How dost thou so contrive to tear the heart,
And rob the brain of its immortal reason !
Making us dream in madness, to awake
With hell's hot thirst that death alone can slake.

The blood ran boiling into CLIFFORD's cheek,
And on the instant, with revengeful stride,
He hurried on, his hated foe to seek,
And found him whispering to his promised bride ;
When with upbraidings harsh — he aimed a blow,
Which but for skill had laid his rival low.

A moment — but a moment — and a spring —
When the rash youth was in a tiger's grasp,
That, with the lightning of an eagle's wing,
Hurled him down, where was heard his screaming gasp,
Deep in the lake below. The wave closed o'er
The bubbling blood — and CLIFFORD was no more.

The dance is done — the guests are all departed —
The lights are quenched, but CLIFFORD is not found, —
WILTON has gone with GERALDINE, sick-hearted,
Death ringing in her ears the funeral sound ;
But none surmised abroad, that WALDRON's arm
Had done the absent CLIFFORD any harm.

Now morn with matron step and languid eye,
 Leads on the bright Aurora — who with joy,
Opens the pearl-barred portals of the sky,
 And sends among the dews her rose-winged boy ;
While, from behind, the chariot-steeds of day
Scatter the darkness and the mist away.

Now silence watches discord in repose,
 And solitude loves cities — who would think,
Ere yet the busy crowd renew their woes,
 How placidly they sleep upon the brink
Of wretchedness ! the dove upon the sea,
Has more to hope, than men of misery.

And they who slumber now — whose dreams are gay
 And full of happiness, in one brief hour,
May wake to all the agonies of day ;
 To heart-sick pain, and melancholy's power,
And all the complicated ills that press
The bosom, when 'tis lone and comfortless.

This is the hour of thought — when mind is free
 As is the unchained eagle — look ! whose flight
High o'er yon golden-bosomed clouds, I see
 Mocking the sun now struggling with the night,
And reddening to behold the proud bird spread
Triumphantly its pinions o'er his head !

Brave bird ! thy dwellings are the blackened rocks
That scowl upon the thunder — from thy perch,
Thou laugh'st upon the lightning when it shocks
Thy cloud-masked eyrie, as the mountain birch
And shivering pine bend like the scudding mast,
That trembles as an aspen in the blast.

Now gliding through the printless track of day,
With not a cloud to rain upon thy wings,
Onward and onward thou dost hold thy way,
Higher than ever lark his matin sings ;
And none but He who fashioned thee in might,
Can stay thy course or curb thee in thy flight.

Thou art the emblem of unshackled mind,
Freed from the bondage of a coward world,
Whose thoughts would paralyze their feeble kind,
Were they in all their majesty unfurled ;
But all alone it folds itself in power,
Or leaves the earth to spread its wings an hour.

How eloquent is nature ! from yon sky,
Where beauty lays her crimson-cinctured breast,
A voiceless music melts upon the eye,
And lulls the throbbings of the heart to rest,
Sweeter than woman's voice, whose song prevails
To hush the broken-hearted nightingale's.

But see! the clouds grow palé — and beauty's smile

Turns from her weeping lover to the rose —

Thou foolish flower to nurse a heart of guile!

Long ere the western sky with evening glows,
The blush will leave its resting-place, and blight
Shall fold thee in a sleep of endless night!

Waked by the morning bird, with cheerless feet,

WILTON's pale child walked forth — the slanting sun
Swept o'er the fields, the dewy herb to greet,

Sparkling to find another day begun;
The skies above were deeper in their blue,
Kindling the heart to gratitude anew.

Ah, little did her guileless thought suppose,

While nature looked so innocent and gay,
That WALDRON lay in sleep without repose,
The apoplectic image of decay,
His God-like faculties, through dire excess,
A mass of senseless, soulless drunkenness!

But now, that soul was like the eagle's flight,

Lofty and full of spirit-breathing fire; —
'Tis past — the revels of a single night,

Have deluged every thought and high desire,
And paralyzed the feelings that refined
The earthliness of passion in his mind.

And when he wakes — Oh God, when *will* he wake !

The seal of hell is fastened on his brow —
Wave after wave ebbs off from Lethe's lake,
And consciousness is clinging to him now :
Remorse — dread — thirst — with agony in waiting,
The horrors of the damned anticipating.

And now he makes a vow he'll drink no more,
No more he'll stake his fortune at the bank ; —
But ere the last resolve is muttered o'er,
The empty goblet shows that he has drank.
And once again delirium has its sway,
While all his thoughts are revelling at play.

Drunk without pleasure — destitute of power
To shun the scourging furies that pursue him,
He counts the tedious moments of the hour,
And hugs the vulture that is gnawing through him.
While mean suspicion turns all eyes to see
His degradation and insanity.

And so he drinks the more and damns himself —
Then drinks again and sleeps and wakes and raves —
Staking his fortune madly for the pelf,
That buys for gamester's their untimely graves ;
Thus living, wallowing in foul despair,
And struggling for oblivion everywhere.

Say, is the picture heightened — ye whose days
Wear the dark shade that night has cast before,
Whose hypocritic joys seem all ablaze,
While the pained heart lies cankered at the core, —
Are there not colours of a deeper hue,
That cross your waking dreams to torture you ?

But GERALDINE'S warm heart was free from doubt,
Or if it lived a moment — 'twas in vain,
She blushed and plucked the rebel monster out,
Till all within was hope and peace again.
But where is WALDRON, while she deems him true,
And prays his secret sorrows may be few ?

The cloud which hung upon his sallow cheek,
Has passed away like mist — his eye is bright,
Its smothered fire breaks out again to speak
In eloquence, and glad the weary night :
The feast is spread, and merry hearts ring out
The swelling sound of revelry and rout.

And now the wine goes round, the bright champagne
Goes off in sparkling foam — and joyless glee
Laughs out tumultuous, and the maddened brain
Whirls round with giddiness and jollity : —
' A bumper lads all round, the wine is bright,
Life short and merry, be the toast to-night !'

‘A song—a song—keep silence for a song!’—
And every tongue was silent:—WALDRON twirled
His empty glass—all care and pain were gone—
And like a being of another world,
So happy were his looks—in accents clear,
He sang as follows to the midnight ear.

1

Go rob the green vine of its opulent gems,
Tear the clusters away, lest they crimson thy snow,
Crush the lilies as useless, and snap all their stems,
And blast all the flowerets that fragrantly grow:
Go preacher of morals and victim of lust,
Thou hypocrite cloaked in the mantle of law,
Gather gold, die and rot—already too curst,
Like the herd of thy kind, to be damned any more!

2

Give me back the bright cup of enchantment again,
The garlands that pleasure drenched richly in wine,
Let the cold heart of age hug its icicle chain,
Be the goblet’s warm blush in youth’s holiday, mine:
Let the hoarse raven scream when the tempest is up,
And the dove fold her wings in security blest;
I’ll bathe every plume ere I fly from the cup,
To soar where the sunbeams eternally rest.

3

Who talks of forgetfulness? — give me, once more,
Those moments but sadly remembered as past,
When the surge broke in wildness on youth's rocky shore,
And mirth spread her rainbow of joy to the last.
Give me back the glad hearts intertwined with my own,
The flashes that thrilled, and the feelings that gushed;
Too long has the dull cloud of solitude thrown
Its shade where my heart lay in apathy hushed.

4

If life be a dream — let its slumbers be sweet —
Then shake off the incubus care from the soul —
Though the pinions of time are relentless and fleet,
Their shadows may sparkle with drops from the bowl:
Were mine but one moment — I'd hallow its flight,
With pleasures that gladdened my young summer day,
Like the bird that soars up to the sun's blazing light,
And pours his bright spirit in glory away!

Loud were the shouts that sounded through the hall,
And deep the draughts of frenzy — till the tongue
Grew blasphemous with wine, and reason's call
Was lost the noisy rioters among:
Strange! that immortal souls can thus give way,
And yield the masterdom to servile clay.

And who are they that shame the brow of night,
With impious mirth and riotous excess,
Who urge the hours to such impetuous flight,
‘And steep their senses in forgetfulness?’
The corsair’s mark is on them — human blood,
Stains them with guilt, the foemen of the flood.

WALDRON was thrown among them first, by chance,
And riot made them friends — alas for him,
Weak child of passion ! rashly to advance
While ruin dared him onward, and the dim
And shadowy future hid itself, while vice
Called virtue to his drunken paradise.

Their days have plumed their wings upon the wave,
Their bark has drenched its thirsty beak in gore,
Their countless victims sleep without a grave,
And widows weep for those who weep no more !
The outlaws of all nations, sworn to wage
Promiscuous war with wild relentless rage.

Unknown to mercy — hand in hand with guilt,
They bid the restless night prolong her wake ;
Wine flows as freely as the blood they spilt,
And conscience sleeps a slumber none can wake.
Yet WALDRON is among them — sworn to die,
Or live, the foeman of humanity.

'Twere vain to trace the current of our crimes
To their unhappy spring — one vicious hour
Too often grafts a bud for after-times,
And when we little dread its baleful power,
We find a Upas breathing o'er the shade,
Where brightest hopes of future bliss were laid.

And thus, by slow degrees, the tempter gained
For hell, another vassal — till remorse
Maddened the wretch's brain, with torture pained,
And desperation stung him to his course.
No hope was left, and so he used to press
His fevered head, and court forgetfulness.

Let no one judge the suicide, but God,
The father of the Spirit — none can feel
Another's woes, nor feel the scorpion rod
Of his enduring — Time may sometimes heal
The vulture-eaten heart, but pale despair
Too often takes his deathly dwelling there !

The stars are fading in the morning sky —
The rioters are still — and one by one,
The flickering lights smoke out ; in ruin lie
The shattered glasses — for the revel's done —
And palsied Pleasure reels to Lethe's bed —
Where Conscience watches for the waking head.

The thirsty moon, that from the orange west
Shone faintly down on WALDRON's last embrace,
Had drunk the stars up in her glorious crest,
Veiling their beauty with her brighter face ;
And GERALDINE's wan cheek was damp with tears,
That came her heart's sad messengers of fears.

The corpse of CLIFFORD had at length been found
Washed on the pebbly beach — the doubling tongue
Of gossip rumour multiplied around,
Surmises, that with foul suspicion clung
To WALDRON : — he was gone, and none knew where —
Should GERALDINE the horrid cause declare ?

O strange, mysterious nature ! — tell me why
Has human love such sway within the breast,
That it should live through crime, and not descry,
Even blood on Virtue's ermine — and there rest,
As if it scorned as artificial lines,
The barriers, society defines ?

One day at noon, within a green recess,
By sheltering elm-trees canopied from dew,
While robins sang in mid-day idleness,
And now and then the whirring wood-cock flew,
She lay in lapsing indolence of thought,
The fast tears falling as her fancy wrought.

In one of those strange dreams of nothingness,
That nail the vision down in senseless gaze,
A death in life as the dull veins confess,
While Lethe leads the memory in a maze,
A shape stood by her like a thing of air —
She started — WALDRON's haggard form was there.

She gazed a moment on him, while her brain
Swam with delirious tumult : — 'It is he,
My loved, my lost, my WALDRON, come again
To prove his faith and loving constancy!'
He held her to his heart — her cheek was cold,
And tears shone crushed within their silken fold.

He laid her gently down of sense bereft,
And sunk his picture on her bosom's snow,
And close beside these lines in blood he left :
Farewell forever, GERALDINE! — I go
Another woman's victim, — dare I tell!
'Tis ALICE! — curse us GERALDINE! — farewell!

He kissed away the crystals from her eyes,
And wet them with his tears — one shadowy tress
That hung like twilight o'er the morning skies,
He severed from her brow, — one kiss to bless —
And like a feathered arrow, charged with death,
WALDRON spurred onward with a whirlwind's breath.

As from a dream of horror and cold fear,
When the heart lingers to go on again,
Woke GERALDINE—as from a funeral bier,
Midst rushing sounds, and strange commingled pain—
With dream-like joy and speechless wonderment—
Then memory dawned, and all the shadows went.

‘Sure ’twas my WALDRON stood before me now,
Whose presence overcame me — list, what’s here, —
His miniature? — the same — that manly brow,
And eyes of love to all my wishes dear —
O this is all a trick to win from me
A foolish sigh, but ah ! it shall not be !

‘Come forth ! she cried, I know you are not far,
You truant WALDRON ! shame on such device ;
How can you thus torment, oh ! why thus mar
The sweetest bud in all love’s paradise !’
She turned — the blood-scroll met her fading eye : —
’Tis done — the veil is rent from misery !

There is a bark upon the broad blue sea,
Her red flag streaming to the conscious wind ;
Look ! how she proudly plunges on her lee,
And sends a foaming rush of snow behind !
Her sides are black — and darkness is her pride, —
A white-winged raven screaming o’er the tide.¹⁷

Away, away she hurries o'er the wave,
Dashing the brine up as she heaves away,
There's not a heart with her that would not brave
The lightning's bolt, and gladden at its play:
Away, away she struggles in her might,
The fresh wind straining all her braces tight.

Who does not love the ocean? from a boy,
I breathed the salt-air on thy rocky coast,
NEW-ENGLAND! where the Atlantic breaks in joy—
And when I seemed to others idle most,
Was garnering from nature's ample store,
And probing human passions to the core.

Who does not love the ocean, that has stood
On thy black borders wild NAHANT, and seen
The north-east tearing up the giant flood,
And whelming the rock-island of the scene,
And heard the Tritons sounding through the blast,
As if the judgement-angel's trumpet past?

Who there has seen the dashing spray mast high,
And the huge mountain billows rolling on,
Can better judge of true sublimity,
Than ocean midst when beacon lights are gone?
But then without the danger, half the zest
In all such things, is wanting, 'tis confess.

Not that there's any pleasure in the danger,
More than in being shot at with ounce bullets ;
'Tis sweet to seem to be to fear a stranger,
The while we wish that we were feeding pullets :
Most men can fight a duel to the letter,
Yet when a man survives, he feels the better.

I never knew but one, that for itself
Loved fighting — or that seemed at least to love it,
And he would lay a fellow on the shelf;
Just like a horse-cake when the bakers shove it
Into the oven for a while to bake : —
Which would you rather be — the corpse or cake ?

The sea-fowl whit'ning o'er the leaden sky,
Shriek a dire omen to the sailor's ear,
The shadowing water heralds, sullenly,
The spirit of the tempest to be near :
'All hands aloft, close reef — away my boys !'
And ready hands the instant work employs.

The clouds roll on their mountain piles of mist ;
Darkness comes down impatient of her time :
Ocean lifts up his frightened head, to list
Where comes the storm-king from the Indian clime,
Crested with arrowy lightning — sounding far
Through heaven's profound, the thunder of his car.

Behind the mainmast, as the ship plunged fast,

WALDRON stood gazing at the awful scene,
He thought perchance that night would be his last,

And then he heaved a sigh for GERALDINE,—
And then he thought of his bad life, and went
To take a glass of brandy, and repent.

While wrapt in mingled dreams—his vision caught

The dim prospective of a mountain form,
That seemed to bear upon them—quick as thought

He snatched a trumpet, while he rent the storm,
'Helm hard a-port!' and 'hard a-port!' replied—
While the shade rushed in fury by their side.

Then came the fear of death to stoutest men,

While the ship reeled mast first upon the wave,
And breathing ceased beneath the briny den,

And even hope was lost them in their grave.
But lo! she rights—and proudly on the wing,
Mounts up and stoops, a falcon in her spring.

The morning sun shines on the pirate bark,

And gilds the dripping canvass—the fresh wind
Bears her on steadily to actions dark,

Bloody and dark and fearful to mankind:
But let us draw the veil, and change the scene
To the sad home of hapless GERALDINE.

There lies a sorrowing beauty, bathed in tears,
The hectic burning on her dimpled cheek,
A parent watching her with anxious fears,
While tears are half the language he can speak :
Her faithful heart still desolate, yet true
To him who left her for the pirate crew.

She will not speak the anguish of her breast,
She cannot chide the one she loves to bless ;
What though her bosom own no soothing rest ?
She does not cease to pray for his distress :
Her heart is wasting in a slow decay,
And the disease of hope smiles o'er her prey.

At times she wanders when the air is warm,
And gazes on the trysting-place so dear,
When love and innocence, in gentle form,
United like a dew-drop and a tear,
When happy thoughts went heavenward in sweet prayer ;
And all was bliss when WALDRON's smile was there.

And then she turns her sickened heart away,
And bends her footsteps to her mother's grave,
Thinking how soon she'll mingle with her clay —
She knows there is no human arm to save.
And though she smiles at death — her thoughts of life,
And faithless WALDRON, cause a tearful strife.

And then she seeks her quiet home again,
Or stands beside the brook, and lends her ear,
While the blithe robin whistles his wild strain;
For there is something to remembrance dear
In objects most familiar, where we trace
A withered feeling, or a once-loved face.

Day after day she pined, nor comfort knew,
In the lone anguish of her hopeless grief;
But while her spirit sank, affection grew,
And only found in flooding wo relief.
The world may laugh at broken-hearted love,
Alas, how many do its influence prove!

The Autumn leaves had decked the forest trees,
In robes of crimson, gold, and modest brown,
And loitering winter whispered in the breeze,
He soon should lay his colder mantle down;
For eve and morning chilled the sun's low ray,
That only warmed the earth in highest day.

And WILTON urged his child to go with him,
Where warmer suns throw shadows from the lime,
For though his hairs were gray and eyes were dim,
And age grew cheerful in the northern clime,
He could not wish his only hope to stay
Where winter's arm might snatch the bud away.

‘ Oh father,’ cried the hapless child of wo,
 ‘ What boots it, that so frail a thing as I,
‘ A withered leaf that waits the wind to blow,
 ‘ Should seek a milder clime, a warmer sky?
‘ Far better would it be, when nought can save,
‘ To sink with calmness in my mother’s grave.

‘ My mother ! when this spirit shall have flown,
 ‘ Say will it mingle in thy home with thee ? —
‘ Wilt thou, who gav’st thy being for my own,
 ‘ Receive me still — and kindly smile on me ? —
‘ Then let me lie at peace with thee in earth —
‘ Till God shall call me to a second birth.

‘ Stay father ! dry those tears — they give me pain :
 ‘ I would not cross thy wishes at this hour —
‘ But look upon the dangers of the main —
 ‘ Say do you think your summer-stricken flower,
‘ Worth all the cruel tempests you must bear,
‘ Before we breathe the citron-scented air ?’

‘ Think not of danger, GERALDINE, for me,
 ‘ I’ve crossed the mountain wave and love its roar ;
‘ My GERALDINE shall gaze upon the sea,
 ‘ And love its grandeur as she gazes more ;
‘ There’s health upon the billows, and thy cheek,
‘ Ere long their potent qualities shall speak.’

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The evening sun had lit the western clouds

In glorious beauty ; gorgeous depths were thrown
Of living purple richly draped in shrouds

Of brightest gold — while far away alone
Lay a fair island cloud, like some bright pearl
That gems the forehead of a blue-eyed girl.

With eyes of love fixed on the brilliant scene,

Stood GERALDINE, and longed to have her home,
Amidst that heavenly blaze of light, I ween,

But most in that fair lonely one to roam,
And seek for those she loved who had departed,
Dying in peace, but more the broken-hearted.

It is an innocent delight to lend

Imagination wing at morn or eve,
Or when the shades of night its glories send,

When we are glad in heart or when we grieve ;
For thoughts which rise above us are all pure,
Unlinked with earth or aught that we endure.

It is a privilege which all enjoy,
But few intensely — for the heart must be
Fashioned by thoughts alone, which can destroy
The masterdom of passion's tyranny,
Ere it can feel the beauty of a scene
Which now entranced admiring GERALDINE.

Now WILTON stood looking with earnest gaze
On the far spread horizon — in his hand,
A sea-glass minding him of absent days,
When he so eagerly would watch for land,
Or from the top, expectant look for sail,
And chide the tardy breeze, or wait the gale.

While musing thus — an object struck his eye,
Far, far away, behind the distant sea,
When from aloft he heard the look-out cry —
'A sail ho !' so it seemed to him to be —
And straight the helm was down, and the fast prow
Bore down upon the stranger's hidden bow.

With steady eye, the captain held the glass,
Nor changed its level once — till suddenly
His features shading — 'We shall have to pass
'A bloody night I fear, unless my eye
'Deceives me ; she's a pirate, with a row
'Of heavier teeth than hell-hounds have below !'

Night spread her raven wings upon the sea,
While solid darkness, stifling the pent stars,
Blocked up the firmament — yet bold and free
The Vulture dashed on with her bending spars,
And imitating darkness, sent before her
Phosphoric brightness as a young Aurora.

And GERALDINE lay sleepless in her berth,
With throbbing temples and an aching breast,
While the waves dashed beside her in their mirth,
And the tired rudder groaned with its unrest :
How fervently she prayed for death's repose,
Full many a love-lorn sister-sufferer knows !

‘Alas !’ she thought, ‘and where is WALDRON now ?

‘O, could he know how great a sacrifice

‘His GERALDINE has made — how pale her brow,

‘How hot the tears that scald her sleepless eyes,

‘How true her heart — alas ! so nearly broken,

‘Would he repent’ — the word was thought, not spoken.

‘Perhaps some other heart has won his love —

‘Perhaps ! — Oh God ! my WALDRON is no more —

‘O may we meet once more, that I may prove,

‘How freely I forgive the wrong I bore,

‘That he may know a woman's heart once given,

‘Still lives, though crushed, to love the same in heaven !’

So passed the night away — till morning sent
Her heralds on before her — and the clouds
Marshalled along the eastern firmament,
A heavenly host in thick embattled crowds ;
While light stole slowly o'er the deep blue water,
As if it dreaded the impending slaughter.

For now was seen, close by the Vulture's stern,
The black flag flying at the pirate's mast,
And ere she hailed or once essayed to learn
Her name, or destination, vollied fast
A broad-side from her hull — the fight began,
And fiends from hell fought hand to hand with man.

The pirate threw her grapnel, and the ropes
Clinging together like a death-grasp, held
The ships inseparable — mutual their hopes,
Faintless their courage, never to be quelled ;
The scuppers streamed with blood — both flags are nailed,
And heart meets heart that never yet has quailed.

Long did the combat last, till only five
Were left within the Vulture ; they at length
Were overpowered by numbers yet alive,
Faint with the loss of blood and without strength.
But while the pirate was of plunder thinking,
He found both vessels filling and fast sinking.

'Twas vain to ply the pumps, the holds had drunk,
While both were fighting, and their power was spent ;
Still were they sinking — soon they would be sunk ;
Some moments passed in cursing ; then they went
To ship the long-boat, man it, and provide
Provisions for a week, and arms beside.

But first they threw their prisoners overboard,
Who sunk without resistance — then pushed off,
Fifteen inhuman monsters who had poured
The blood of thirty men, who yet could scoff
The arm of heaven, yet swear by that to die,
Rather than share with man humanity.

And they are on the ocean with the waves,
The play-things of the tempest, far away
From land, each brain with desperate madness raves —
But WALDRON had not hardened in a day,
For sighs at times betrayed his burthened heart,
And sad repentance caused the tears to start.

And they are all alone upon the wave ;—
But where is WILTON with his pale-lipped child?—
She when the loud broadside the signal gave
Of desperate conflict, ran in terror wild,
Urging her father with her, where no harm,
She deemed, could reach them from the pirate's arm.

There heard they clashing arms and shouts of war,
The bursting cannon and the plashing dead,
And shrieks of parting spirits sent before
The brine shut eddying o'er the dying head ;
And O, the horrid sound of human blood,
Rushing in torrents to the red'ning flood.

There WILTON clasped his daughter to his heart,
A bright dirk glittering in his trembling hand,
And whisp'ring, vowed no being should them part,
Or if the VULTURE owned the murderous band,
That dirk should save her innocence secure,
From all that Virtue might from Vice endure.

They heard the last gun booming o'er the sea,
They heard the hoarse shout of the savage crew,
And well they feared how soon their turn would be,
To dye the waters with a deeper hue :
At length they heard the dipping of the oars,
And WILTON saw at once the frightful cause.

For now the water rose above their feet
Upon the lower deck, and WILTON knew
The vessel had been scuttled in the heat
Of fiendish malice ; but it was not true :
The broadside, ere the vessels closed, had told
Beneath the water-line, and filled the hold.

Now what to do he knew not — then he took
His pistols from his berth, and went on deck,
And round about he pressed a dizzy look ;
And then he saw the long-boat as a speck,
Far on the rocking main — and next he saw
A sight that brought more anguish than before.

The Vulture's long-boat had been stove in two,
Struck by a random shot — the quarter boat
Was missing from each side — the pirate crew
Had stolen the jolly. How were they to float
When the ship sunk, as soon she must, for now
Both vessels seemed to lower at the bow.

And GERALDINE stood half way up the stairs,
In the companion-way, her feet in water,
While WILTON, sending up half wandering prayers,
That heaven would only save his hapless daughter,
Went busily to frame a little raft,
Lashing some oars and plank he found abaft.

These one by one he floated, and then tied,
And covered all with a large sheet of duck,
Then lashed a keg of biscuit which he spied
Awhile before — some wine he had the luck
To find — two kegs of water — cord for lashing
The stores, to save them from the water's dashing.

Then having taken his poor fainting daughter,
He placed her on the raft and pushed away,
Alas! was ever frailer bark on water,
Or passengers more piteous than they!
There on the billows tost, we leave to fate,
Sad WILTON and his child disconsolate.

Far on the crested wave the long-boat tost,
Red with the blood of wounded, dying men;—
For ere the earth revolved, four men were lost,
And one was bleeding fresh, and fainting, when
The second day saw the dim sun go down,
And one despairing man in frenzy drown.

Nine only now remained, and hunger came
With tenfold fury on them, and the rage
Of feverish excitement lit the flame
Of burning thirst—that nothing could assuage,
Effectually—an inward eating fire,
That kindled more while seeming to expire.

And soon their scanty fare was like a dream,
Where Slumber banquets Famine, and she wakes
In tenfold horror, as her bleary eyes gleam
On the sad contrast which her vision makes;
So felt the wretched men in wild despair—
Much had they borne, but they had more to bear.

Sun after sun rose up and sunk again,
And o'er the fading glory of the west,
The young moon drunk the sunset from the main,
Swelling with beauty as she doffed her crest,
And looking down upon the flattered sea,
Let fall her elfin veil in modesty.

Alas! away upon the stagnant water,
Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars could bring them joy;
Their famished hearts were bent on mutual slaughter,
And means for this their every thought employ.
And while sleep pressed him to her, one would start
To feel a comrade's dagger at his heart.

The hot sun blazed upon their naked heads,
And boiled the blood within them—till some grew
Mad, and blasphemed and tore their flesh in shreds,
While others, starving, helped the deed to do,
Then weeping in wild mirth drank the dark gore,
And cried aloud to God, and shrieked for more.

Some prayed to heaven—some cursing God, expired,
While the boat lay upon the blazing sea,
With not a breath of wind, that was not fired,
Hotter than any Siroc blast can be,
Till only one with WALDRON gasped for breath,
His bleeding eyes dim with the glaze of death.

There as his lone companion breathed his last,
Whisp'ring unconscious curses to the air,
Unhappy WALDRON, though declining fast,
Sat like the silent statue of despair:
The blackened carcasses heaped up around,
He had not strength to cast in the profound.

He seemed like death, disgusted with his work,
Alone, alone, pent in by rottenness;
Sure ne'er the charnel dungeon of a kirk,
Could boast decay in such a hateful dress;
The sun again went down — and moonlight gave
A gentle breeze that rippled o'er the wave.

The moon was shining full upon the sea —
Waked by the stranger breezes — WALDRON'S mind
Had wandered, but with waking memory, he
Thought of his helpless victim left behind:
O could he see that face, he thought, and die,
Her prayers might save him in eternity!

The moon was shining full upon the wave
When WALDRON saw a moving mass come on:
O can it be a spirit come to save? —
His sight grew dim — alas! too quickly gone!
Again! O God, that such a sight were seen,
The stiffened corse of murdered GERALDINE!

Cold horror chilled him as the raft came down,
And fastened on the boat — there WILTON lay,
In the chill arms of death, without a frown,
And GERALDINE as dead without decay !
Her eyes fixed glistening in the moon's full light,
And smiling as her spirit winged its flight.

And round her neck the miniature was hung
Of him who gazed with hell's unmingled wo ;
He saw her — kissed her cheek — and wildly flung
His arms around her with a mad'ning throw —
Then plunged within the cold, unfathomed deep,
While Sirens sang their victim to his sleep.



NOTES

TO

GERALDINE.

NOTES TO GERALDINE.

NOTE 1.—Page 22.

Why should the song of nightingales expire,
Because the rooks are screaming — raise their song
And still the dissonance their silence brings.

The reader may recognise this idea in LESSING's beautiful fable *Der Schafer und die Nachtigall*.

NOTE 2.—Page 22.

Who would have held
Our race had fathers so unparalleled ?

Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparalleled ?

MILTON's *Arcades*.

NOTE 3.—Page 27.

*Or on her fairy isle, to laugh and cry
With sweet Miranda, and yet know not why.*

Miranda. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.

The exquisite beauty of the above is only equalled by a speech in *Troilus and Cressid*, which has never been sufficiently admired.

Troilus. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win ?

Cressid. Hard to seem won ; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever — Pardon me ; —
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now ; but not till now, so much
 But I might master it : in faith, I lie ;
 My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
 Too headstrong for their mother : See, we fools !
 Why have I blabb'd ? who shall be true to us,
 When we are so unsecret to ourselves ?
 But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not ;
 And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man ;
 Or that we women had men's privilege
 Of speaking first. Sweet bid me hold my tongue ;
 For in this rapture, I shall surely speak
 The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
 Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
 My very soul of counsel : Stop my mouth.

NOTE 4. — Page 30.

One truth revealed to mortals long ago.

The following extract from Ripley's translation of Cousin's 'Exposition of Eclecticism,' will show what progress has been made by the French philosophers, in connexion with the Germans.

'Consider the importance of psychology. It was a single psychological error that seduced Kant into a path which led to an abyss. Kant has made an admirable analysis of human reason. It is impossible to describe with more clearness and precision the conditions and the laws of its developement ; but not having analyzed with the same care, the free and voluntary activity, this great man did not perceive that it is particularly to this class of phenomena that personality is attached ; and that reason, although connected with personality, is essentially distinct from it. Now, if reason be personal, like attention and will, it follows that all the conceptions which it suggests are personal also ; that all the truths which it reveals to us are merely relative to our mode of conceiving ; and that the objects, the things, the beings, the substances, which claim to be real, whose existence is made known to us by reason, as they rest only on this equivocal testimony, can have only a subjective value ; that is to say, relative to the subject which perceives them, and no objective value, that is to say, actual and independent of the subject. We may indeed continue to believe in the reality of these objects, if our reason be so constituted that it cannot but believe in them, and because it is so constituted ; but in that case there is an abyss between believing and knowing ; and all our knowledge then consists only in recognising the internal and psychological conditions of the necessity of believing, which in itself is barren of all real and absolute knowledge. From this proceeds a new and original

skepticism which not calling in question the existence of reason as a faculty distinct from sensibility, admits that, in its regular developement, reason in fact suggests to us the idea of the soul, of God, and of the world, — a skepticism, entirely distinct from that of the sensual school, which takes its stand in psychology even with dogmatism, and begins to doubt only when ontology is concerned ; but as soon as that is brought up, disputes the legitimacy of every passage from psychology to ontology, on the principle that reason being a faculty peculiar to the subject, can have no validity beyond the limits of the subject, and that accordingly all the objective and ontological truths which it reveals, are only the subject itself, transported away from its sphere by a force which belongs to it and which itself is subjective.

‘Would you know the last result of this system ? Go from the principle to the consequence, from the circumspect master to the daring pupil ; Go from Kant to Fichte ; and you will see reason already subjective in Kant, confounded by Fichte with personality itself. Hence his formula, the *ME* supposes itself ; it supposes the world ; it supposes God ; it supposes itself as the primitive and permanent cause with which every thing commences, to which every thing is referred ; as at once the circle and the circumference ; it supposes the world as a simple negation of itself ; it supposes God as itself again taken absolutely. The absolute *ME*, — this is the last degree of all subjectivity, the extreme and necessary term of the system of Kant, and, at the same time its refutation. Good sense cannot fail to do justice to this extravagant consequence ; but it belongs to philosophy to destroy this consequence in its principle, and this principle is the subjectivity and personality of reason. This is the radical error, the psychological error, which a rigid psychology should dissipate. All my efforts have been given, therefore, to demonstrating that *personality, the me is eminently the free and voluntary activity ; that this is the true subject*, and that reason is no less distinct from this subject, than sensation and organic impressions.’

As COUSIN is very particular in ascribing the discovery of all philosophical facts to their respective authors, it is remarkable that he is ignorant that EMANUEL SWEDENBORG occupied the same ground that he does, relative to the reason and the will, long ago. The writings of that illustrious man contain all that is valuable in the French philosophy of the present day, and infinitely more, in which the severest analysis and closest logic cannot detect a fault. Though my mind has been principally occupied for fifteen years with legal, metaphysical, and logical studies, I have never found any evidence so conclusive, any reasoning so exact, any scheme of mind, if I may be allowed the expression, so perfect in all its parts, or a thousandth part so sublime, as that contained in the works of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. I consider it a privilege to be permitted to bear my public testimony to their value, to their all-importance ; for I know that the time must come, when they will be uni-

versally received, as comprising the true philosophy of man, and the most perfect ontology. It is wonderful that in an age like this, prejudice should be allowed to interpose between the sublimest and most comprehensive truths ever made known to man, and a willingness to receive them. The speculations of MAINE DE BIRAN, and of his followers, are eagerly entertained, in the vain hope of establishing a spiritual philosophy; when not only the elements, but the full form of that philosophy have been in existence, almost unnoticed, for two-thirds of a century.

The following extract from the preface to "THE GROWTH OF THE MIND," is in point.

"The New Church can discern, in almost every moral and religious writer of any acknowledged merit at the present day, some outbreaks of its own power; while its principles are pressing into the natural sciences, like so many gushing fountains from an inexhaustible fountain above them. It is painful to see how little willingness there is to acknowledge the source of truth; and how often a man seems to think that it has answered its legitimate purpose, when he has bedecked his own person therewith, so as to command the admiration of the multitude.

"But the time is approaching, when the claims of the New Church on the public attention may not be easily set aside. There is a problem to solve, to which those who reject the claims of this Church, will find it difficult to furnish a solution; and the misrepresentations and ignorance which have often prevailed in regard to it, will, before many years, be seen to be neither consistent with good manners nor good scholarship. The writings of Swedenborg are so pure in their character and influence, that the moral sense of the community will bear testimony that there is no wilful imposture; and they are so perfect in their method and logic, that the rationality of the community will bear testimony that there is no insanity. The voice of these two witnesses cannot be silenced; and the day is approaching, when the assertion that these writings are not of sufficient importance to command the attention of the public, will not be hazarded by any one, who is either a man of intelligence, or seeks to be esteemed."

NOTE 5. — Page 31.

The crucible of truth, some day, though late,
Will every false alloy precipitate.

Bishop WHATELY, speaking of fallacies, cites the following illustration from an anonymous pamphlet, "An Examination of Kett's Logic:"—It [a fallacy] consists of an ingenious mixture of truth and falsehood, so entangled,—so intimately blended,—that the falsehood is (in the chemical phrase) *held in solution*: one drop of sound logic is that test which imme-

diately disunites them, makes the foreign substance visible, and precipitates it to the bottom.

NOTE 6. — Page 32.

‘What meagre profits spring from pen and ink.’

I like the spirit of the following paragraph from the Philadelphia Gazette, so much, that I transfer it to this place, in the hope that its truth may prevail in eradicating the too well established notion that men of letters must necessarily starve to death in garrets, and be most sentimentally wretched of course.

“There could not be, perhaps, a more inspiring office than to gather from the history of men of mind, the evidences of their triumph in attaining to that which the world most values, — independence and distinction. They who prate of the toils of genius, the doom of intellect, and all that sort of humbug, are always puzzled for exemplifying instances. A few stereotype narratives and names, are all that are left to any of these complaining souls, wherewith to excite the fountains of their sympathy, and make their heads as waters. A learned and acute writer in the October number of Frazer’s London Magazine, has set this point in the true light, as regards the current literature of England. He discusses the subject with an evidently close knowledge of facts. After a calm and clear survey of the whole ground, in reply to an “Exposition,” (pamphlet,) which takes the converse of the argument, he proceeds to put forth his own conclusions. “On no ground then,” it is observed, “can we agree with the sentimentalist, that literary talents earnestly exerted, fail to benefit the possessor in a worldly point of view.” Cases, even where it stated that aspirants whose pretensions far outwent their powers, according to the estimate of the high Tory writer, (whose political antipathies should in this case be considered,) are cited in exemplification of the justness of his argument. Almost to a man, he writes, did the major part of Her Majesty’s present ministers abandon the bowers of the Muses, to guide the destinies of the British empire. “They started as poets: MELBOURNE, (LAMB) poet; RUSSELL, ditto; SPRING RICE, ditto; PALMERSTON, ditto; HOBHOUSE, ditto; MORPETH, ditto; MULGRAVE, novelist; HOLLAND, translator from Spanish; LANSDOWNE, pamphleteer; GLENELG, essayist: all these noble and right honourable persons invoked the muses,” &c. For a man of genius, it is added, a man of high intellectual powers, and humanizing pursuits, society is ever anxious to evince respect; well knowing that a man of true genius is a man of the truest sense, as also of the most courteous and gentlemanlike feelings. We are well aware, continues the same writer, that all languishing people of whatever literary description, will pronounce us unfeeling, and incapable of sympathy with all

that is interesting in intellect, and so forth. We do not wish to disturb the dreams of any one of the class here spoken of, how insipid soever he or she may be; what we have wished and endeavoured to do, is this; — to disabuse the public mind of the *trashy untruths*, perpetually palmed off upon it, viz: that men of high creative powers, men of genuine talents, duly applied, and proportionate mental culture, are doomed to disappointments, reverses, “and so.” All this is plain, common sense, and verity, established constantly, in instances plentiful enough to constitute a rule instead of an exception. The case of BULWER, “whose path to parliament lay through the bookseller’s shop,” is one high in evidence. With him, literature has proved a most lucrative profession; his residence in the West End is replete with sumptuousness and luxury; his income a fortune, as well as his possessions. In our own country, in the cabinet of the empire, in the halls of our universities, in the successes of business life, — in a thousand ways, we may mark the testimony which gainsays the cant about the doom of talent. It is high time that the defiling and mendacious outcry were reformed together.

NOTE 7. — Page 34.

Reason converses with humanity,
With nought beyond.

No reference is here made to that ineffable perception of truth which belongs to the recipient of goodness. By reason is meant *reasoning*. With regard to quantity and number, we always proceed from the known to the unknown, with mathematical certainty, only because we use signs expressive of homogeneous ideas, rigidly excluding all others. So when we use *words* significant of homogeneous ideas, and carefully avoid all others, we may reason with perfect precision: — but when heterogeneous ideas under a common term, are admitted into an argument, we may fancy ourselves arriving at transcendental conclusions, but we are necessarily misled by fallacies.

The thorough investigation of this branch of knowledge deserves philosophical attention. Its study should be preliminary to that of Logic, which orders the arrangement of terms and propositions according to the invariable process of reasoning, and regards the relation which words bear to each other, but which does not define words or terms individually. It is for want of such an instrument of truth, that civil liberty and public wealth are so often endangered by men, who argue with irresistible power, because with logical consistency; but as their fundamental propositions contain ambiguous terms, which common sagacity does not always detect, they rally around them a numerous crowd of adherents who are confirmed and dazzled by the very magnitude and brilliancy of their errors. The term ‘*wealth*’ is an instance of the kind of ambiguity referred to; since, as it has always been

predicated of nations as well as of individuals, it has been generally supposed to be identical with them ; an assumption without sufficient foundation.

All ideas are relative. To be convinced of this, let there be given two affections of sense. Let A represent the affection of *heat*, and B represent the affection of *cold*. If A had always been submitted to the sense, and had never given place to B, there could have been no knowledge of either, since the very essence of A is that it is not B, but its opposite. But if A, having been submitted for awhile, suddenly gives place to B, the feeling of difference is instantly generated, and both A and B are simultaneously known, the former through the medium of memory, the latter by immediate affection. Relation is the mode of this intelligence or knowledge.

This is not hypothetical, but is the result of analysis. Natural phenomena are invariable in their modes. If then we can ascertain how the mind of any man *now* acts, we shall know how it has always acted from the first moment of its action. We know that logic is the syntax of reasoning, and that it implies sameness of mental action, universally. It is by comparing one term with another, and by being able to affirm or deny of one term what we know of another, that we arrive at conclusions and accumulate ideas. If in testing the truth of the hypothetical idea A, we compare its qualities with those of ten thousand homogeneous ideas already proved and classified under the common term Y, it is plain that if it were compared with the first idea acquired in the class, its truth would have been established as necessarily as now when compared with Y, — and that the first idea in the class must have been derived from the relation which it sustained to other ideas. Now, since it was the first of a class, it must have been unlike those of other classes, and its individuality must have been established from its differing qualities. The same may be said of the first of any class of ideas ; and consequently the first possible ideas must have been the effect of comparison, by which two opposite ideas were generated at the same time. Sensation, therefore, could not be the origin of ideas, since the mind's judgement of difference in sensation, constitutes the very condition of its being.

It will follow from what has been said, that all common words are relative : which will be more clearly perceived on examination. The word *intelligence*, and the term *intelligent author*, are instances ; since there may be more or less intelligence, human intelligence and divine intelligence. So with the word *design* ; there is that which represents end, cause and effect in human actions, and in the operations of what is called nature, which are superhuman. Natural theology is based on the assumption of homogeneity between human and divine intelligence and design, an assumption not susceptible of proof, which when exposed, tumbles the fabric to the dust. PALEY'S *Evidences*, Lord BROUGHAM'S *Natural Theology*, and all other works of the kind, purely argumentative, are erected on the same found-

dation. The error lies in predicating intelligence of man's works, when only *a part* of intelligence, viz., *human*, is predicable of them. The same may be said of *design*; and it is remarkable, that even professed logicians, like Bishop WHATELY, should have overlooked it. All we can say of a watch or of a house, is, that it indicates marks of *human* design and *human* intelligence; and the proposition, "whatever indicates marks of design, must have had an intelligent author," simply expresses the fact that all works of man indicate *his* design and intelligence: for if the recognition of any divine work is understood to be included in the proposition, it is supererogatory to reason any further from it; but if it be understood to express the exclusive fact above stated, it is plain that in the argument, "whatever indicates marks of design, must have had an intelligent author; — the world indicates marks of design; *therefore*, the world must have had an intelligent author:" the conclusion is a *non sequitur*, because of an undistributed major.

There is a class of words which signify conclusions of the judgement, rather than ideas, and which, as might be expected, mislead the mind, in proportion to the force of their delusion. These pretend to signify what have been denominated *the mathematical affections of matter*: such are *extension*, *form*, and *space*. Now, the very essence of the idea of an object is its *differentia* in relation to all other things. In contemplating the *differentia*, we necessarily define, and the complex of the definition is nothing more or less than its *form*. Form, therefore, is inseparable from every thing objective or subjective; but we can have no *idea* of form, except in the concrete; for if we could, there might be form without substance, which is absurd. The same may be said of *extension*, which while in connexion with substance is intelligible, but is inconceivable as an abstraction. As for *space*, if any one supposes that he has an *idea* of it, he may disabuse his mind of the error, by trying to see more than three sides of a cubic body at once. How then can he have a conception of the whole substance, or of the room it once occupied? What we call an idea of space, is nothing but a belief we have that there is simultaneous extension in all directions, precisely as we believe a mountain to be six thousand feet high, because we have measured it; but who would seriously pretend that a mountain six thousand feet high could produce that individuality of affection called an idea?

It is only necessary to thoroughly analyze words, to see that we must reason in a circle when we attempt to soar above our sphere. A perfect analysis of language would enable us to demonstrate the complete subjectivity of reasoning, and would establish the truth of revelation by showing that on no other hypothesis, could we account for certain ideas which we possess. It would subvert *atheism*, by forever disarming it, and by leaving it nothing on

which to stand : for when the wisdom of man shall yield to infidelity, those arguments which have been so long used to prove the being of God, and admit their inadequacy to that end ; the arguments of the infidel, which are equally subjective and inconclusive, must be yielded up likewise. For if reasoning cannot find out the being of God, reasoning cannot disprove it.

NOTE 8.—Page 35.

Thus reputation often may confer
On men an artificial character.

The influence of reputation on moral conduct, ought not to be overlooked in a liberal system of education. The monks in the early centuries having been unjustly charged with misdemeanours, gradually sunk under the very vices which had been attributed to them.

NOTE 9.—Page 37.

For public spirit, alias speculation,
Does wonders for a dollar-saving nation.

There is no greater blunder in Political Economy, than that which supposes national and individual wealth to be the same thing. From this error arises the extreme jealousy of our legislators in watching the 'people's money,' as if every dollar that is appropriated to public improvement were not the best investment that could be made of it. Invention is the only true basis of national opulence, without which economy is extravagance, and accumulation, poverty.

NOTE 10.—Page 39.

When Summer flushed the forest trees in green,
Or young Vertumnus saw Pomona melt.

VERTUMNUS represents a large class of young men who play the hypocrite and make old women of themselves, to win the objects of their affection.

NOTE 11.—Page 43.

ALPHESIBÆUS might renounce his jumps,
To see saltantes satyros in pumps.

Saltantes Satyros imitabitur Alphesibæus. — *Virg. Buc. Ecl. 5. 73.*

NOTE 12. — Page 46.

To talk of liberty, and treat the fishes
To tea, served up in chests instead of dishes.

After the Boston tea-party had finished their labours, they met together at the house of EDES, the printer and publisher, in the street now called *Franklin Avenue*, where they regaled themselves with punch. PETER EDES, now residing in Bangor, Me., the son of that man and the oldest printer in the United States, informed me that he was present, and had the honour of squeezing the lemons for the thirsty patriots. The bowl is still in his possession, and ought to be preserved in the old Cradle of Liberty. But it would probably be as difficult to enshrine a punch-bowl in Faneuil Hall, as to gain admission for Lord BYRON's statue in Westminster Abbey.

NOTE 13. — Page 51.

Whatever is, must be.

I believe that I have correctly stated the amount of the argument in *Système de la Nature*, a work so associated with the name of MIRABEAUD, that it is difficult to think of him as not the author. From that work, SHELLEY gathered his ideas of *Necessity*, as many others before and after him have done.

'Motive,' says *Shelley*, 'is to voluntary action in the human mind, what cause is to effect in the material universe.'

Now there can be no voluntary action without will, because voluntary action is itself *action from the will*. Whatever a man *wills* to do, he *loves* to do, and to say that a man has a *motive* for willing, is only to say that he wills to will. The very essence of will is that it is free. We may control the actions of a man, but we cannot control his will, any more than we can his love. We know that love cannot be controlled; but it is not generally known that love is the will. When we speak of 'free voluntary activity,' we speak tautologically. *Voluntas* means will, desire, affection; hence voluntarily, freely, with desire, with affection. Voluntary activity means free activity of the will, without the superadded adjective. It is absurd to talk about a *constrained will*; we might as well suppose an *involuntary volition*. Any phrase which would convey the idea of *not a free will*, would contain a contradiction in terms.

A word or two about the term *necessity*. As every phenomenon of nature is, if practicable, referred to a cause, it has been universally believed that there is an indefinite chain of phenomena, each link of which is both cause and effect, as it happens to be related to its antecedent or consequent. *Causality* demands a reason for everything; and because this has always been the case, when men could find no cause for a phenomenon, they referred it to

an unknown one; believing that *causes never ceased*. The *ne cesso* of causes was appealed to as a reason, when no known cause was perceived; and thus *necessitas*, became to be regarded as the cause of all things. So easy is it, by means of the law of transference, to make a physical cause out of a logical conclusion.

NOTE 14. — Page 52.

Reason, he deemed, could measure every thing;
 And reason told him that there was a law
 Of mental action, which must ever fling
 A death-bolt at all faith; and this he saw
Was Transference.

If any one has curiosity to look into this subject, and wishes to see how far the force of reasoning and analysis may carry him, independently of revelation, I would suggest such inquiries as the following:

Whether the First Philosophy, considered in relation to Physics, was first in time?

How far our moral perceptions have been influenced by natural phenomena?

How far our metaphysical notions of cause and effect are attributable to the transference of notions connected with logical language?

NOTE 15. — Page 55.

Not all uncaught
By the great snare of worldly restlessness.
Cleop. — O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
 The world's great snare uncaught?

Antony and Cleopatra.

NOTE 16. — Page 59.

Nor is it more delightful to rehearse
All night, like WILLIAM PITT, your daily curse.

It is said of Mr. PITT, that he was often so harassed by his efforts in Parliament, that he rehearsed his speeches audibly in his sleep.

NOTE 17. — Page 80.

A white-winged raven screaming o'er the tide.

This can hardly be said to be a *rara avis in terris*, in the sense of the classical allusion, if we consider the modern discoveries in Natural History,

in New-Holland. The black swan, says MALTE-BRUN, exceeds the common white swan. Its beak is a rich scarlet, with a yellow point. All its plumage is of a very beautiful black, except the primary and secondary feathers, which are white. The eyes are black, and the feet dark brown. It is found on the Hawkesbury River and other fresh waters near Broken Bay. In its motions, it has all the gracefulness of the white species. This bird was first discovered by the Dutch navigator, Vlaming, on the banks of Swan River, in D'Endracht's Land.

ATHENIA OF DAMASCUS.

A Tragedy.

DRAMATIC PERSONS.

EUPHRON,	<i>Prefect of Damascus.</i>
CALOUS,	<i>Syrian leader.</i>
LUCRETIVS,	<i>A distinguished citizen.</i>
DECIUS,	<i>A Senator.</i>
KALED,	<i>Saracen Chief.</i>
ABDALLAH,	<i>His Lieutenant.</i>
DERA,	<i>A Saracen officer.</i>
ATHENIA,	<i>Daughter of EUPHRON.</i>
ADA,	<i>Her attendant.</i>
OPHIRA,	<i>A Syrian woman.</i>

*Senators, Syrian and Arabian soldiers, Messenger, Grecian
captive, People of Damascus.*

The scene lies in the Ager Damascenus, and in the City of
Damascus, at the close of the siege A. D. 634.

ATHENIA OF DAMASCUS.

A Tragedy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street in DAMASCUS. — Time, sunrise.

(Enter LUCRETIVS and DECIUS.)

Dec. And is there then no hope, Lucretius?

Luc. Yes, such as looks from out the headsman's eye,
When the axe gleams before a malefactor.

Dec. What's to be done?

Luc. Murder and sacrilege!

Dec. And then to starve!

Luc. What can the Emperor mean?
Surely, the fate of Bosra might have waked
The boa from his slumber, but he lies

Gorged with his Persian victories, as if
Sleep were the best security.

Dec. Heaven's wrath
Unvials on the earth—the plagues are out
For Syria's overthrow.

Luc. It is but just ;
We have offended heaven !

Dec. But know you not,
Heraclius is entreated for our aid ?

Luc. What signifies his aid at such a pass,
When like the scorpion, we are girdled in,
And scorched to suicide ? To hear these wolves
Howl for their Paradise ! as if the wretch
That fixed the seal of hell upon their foreheads,
Would cheat that hell of its own sensual slaves !

Dec. It is a weary siege !—Damascus reels
Even to her downfall. Should Heraclius fail
To send us speedy succour, we are lost.

Luc. What say the Senate ? Have you yet proclaimed
Last night's determination ?

Dec. When retired,
We were again convoked to meet at sunrise,
Caloüs is summoned to the council room,
For some important matter.

Luc. Heaven forefend
Greater calamity !—the times are bad
When soldiers prompt the Senate.

Dec. Were you going

On to the Senate-House, Lucretius?

Luc. Yes.

Dec. Let us then go together, — 'tis so dull
In such a time to be companionless!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The Senate-House; EUPHRON, DECIUS, and other Senators
seated. CALOUS standing in the back ground.*

Euph. Fathers, I have convoked you at this hour,
To reconsider last night's resolution.
There have been spies on your deliberations.
The morning watch challenged a cowled foe,
Who shouted '*Allah akbar!*' and escaped
On wings of lightning. We have tracked his path
Even from this chamber, where he must have lain
Treacherously hidden: Howe'er that be,
Our weakness is betrayed. It now remains
To scan our desperate purpose. Senators,
Let us receive your views in this emergence:
Only remember, moments now are hours.

Dec. I see no reason, in this foul mischance,
Which scourges so our negligence, that we
Should change the resolution we have made.
It is impossible for us to hold

The city two days more : — we starve already,
Though the extent of her necessity,
Damascus does not know ; — she little dreams
How certain is her ruin. I advise,
Even as I did last night, to sue for peace,
And leave the rest to heaven.

Euph. Let him who controverts what Decius says,
Speak to the Senate.

(*A pause.*)

Have you all one mind ? —
Know then — I summoned Caloüs among you
In apprehension of this same restraint :
For in a matter of such deep concern,
A soldier's sphere may stir the stagnant blood,
And give it healthy action. Caloüs, speak,
The Senate asks your free, untrammelled mind !

(*CALOUS comes forward.*)

Cal. For this unusual honour — had I power
Commensurate with gratitude, I'd bear,
Most willingly, the weight of all your woes.
But, conscript fathers ! all I have is yours,
A life devoted to the public weal.
In early days, midst Rome's exalted pride,
'Twas deemed no mean occasion to decree
The highest honour that a soldier loves,
That he did not despair of the Republic.
For me — I hold no commerce with despair.

Damascus may be, shall be free again.
Could I have had a voice with yours, last night,
I had protested strongly 'gainst your vote.
Do ye not know, that they who sue for peace,
To such a foe as ours, can hope no more?
Had they one christian feeling, like our own,
Some bond of human brotherhood, that extends
Self-love unto a neighbour, then indeed,
The dove might bear the olive-bough to them;
Not now; — no, fathers! we must fight or die!
And better to do both, to fight *and* die,
Than sue to them for peace.

No; conscript fathers!

They have forestalled your purpose; — it is well.
Your chances of success are multiplied;
Even now, while they expect your suppliant suit,
Astonish their base hopes, — and when the bell
Strikes as a signal, let the ready gates
Pour out a flood of war upon their camp,
And crush them with its weight. Meanwhile, perhaps,
The imperial forces may fresh succour bring,
And seal our great endeavour to be free.
Fathers! I am for liberty or death.

Euph. We thank thee, Caloüs; — Senators, you hear:
Shall we adopt our counsellor's advice;
Say; shall the vote be "liberty or death?"

(*Several voices.*) Death or Liberty! — Liberty forever!

Euph. 'Tis done : — and when the dial feels the sun
Steal o'er the hour of noon, — let the great bell
Strike from the Martyr's Tower for liberty !

When next we meet, may peace be with Damascus.

(*The Senators rise and disperse — EUPHRON follows CALOUS.*)

Euph. Soldier ! one moment, ere you quit this room.

Cal. I wait your pleasure — but be brief, I pray you.
We have no leisure now for idleness.

Euph. Athenia ! —

Cal. Is't then of *her* you'd speak ?

Euph. It may seem strange, in times of such calamity,
To mingle private thoughts with public business ; —
But there are secret springs within the breast,
Which, when disordered, clog the whole machine.
You love Athenia !

Cal. If ever man loved woman.

Euph. *Caloüs*, you have a treasure in that heart,
Of golden fruit, that Cræsus had not bought,
Though he had hewn his Lydian mountains down,
And turned Pactolus from his shining sands,
To bribe the Hesperian dragon. Yet you deem
Your love equivalent to such a gain !

Cal. If ever such unworthy thought were mine,
How could I know the happiness of loving ?
A heart that feels the immortal glow of love,
Knows no such selfishness.

Euph. Your mutual hopes

Have long been known to me ; but if you think
To wed my daughter, you must give me proof,
Like Curtius, who would leap within the gulf
His country wished to close : — and couldst thou stand
O'er such a verge as that which Marcus saw
Before assembled Rome, and plunge within,
Reckless of all things but the public good ? —

Cal. Ay ; though it were to grapple with the Sphinx,
Or headlong dive where Typhon breathes the fires
Locked in his rock-ribbed sepulchre ; — so long
As Honour points the way, and Love's fair hand
Beckons me onward — name the desperate deed,
And for the heavenly guerdon promised me,
The Fates shall bow before ennobling *will*,
And resolution o'erleap destiny !

Euph. And could you bear the hisses of the people,
The execrations of distempered men —
For making some unheard-of sacrifice ; —
Say, could you immolate a noble name,
But for a day — forego your reputation —
Assume the villain — wear a traitor's mask —
Bring down a hundred thousand human curses,
Within an hour, on your devoted head,
And all to wed Athenia ?

Cal.

Senator !

Well might I say I'd grapple with the Sphinx,
For never did cimmerician riddle wear

So dark an aspect — prithee, sir, explain!

Euph. What if the popular breath should damn the sun,
In his meridian glory — do'st thou think,
His beams would fall less brightly?

Cal. And what then?

Euph. Reputation is but idle wind
Blown against *character*, which when unstained,
With an immortal vigour may upbear
Against the slanderous world its angel face,
And fix its gaze on Heaven!

Cal. Let me drink
The Clarian waters that invest thy soul,
Though I imbibe my death! unlock the spring —
And if the revelation blanch my cheek,
The Sibyl whisper must propound some deed,
Too horrible for human utterance.

[*EUPHRON whispers him.*]

Cal. What do you mean, my lord?

Euph. Patience! —

[*Whispers again.*]

Now dar'st thou do this thing? —

Cal. I am a very coward in all deeds
Where honour dares not mingle. — No! I dare not!

Euph. Yet the archangel when he folds his wings,
Veils, not destroys, his glory; *think* of this.

Cal. My lord, I cannot think of degradation,
And link the foul imagination, too,

With the immaculate image of my love —
Nature revolts at such dire contraries.
Methinks you task my virtue in strange wise ;
Or standing in such delicate relation
To my respect and sufferance — you presume
More than becomes you to inflict on one
Disarmed by his affections, and your own !

Euph. Were my intent, dishonourable, Caloüs !
Thy serpent-twisted armour would strike dead
The base assailant of thy character —
But I would build up honour for thy name,
And make thee heir to higher, richer treasure,
Than the sun-worshipper of Persia lost,
If thou wouldst only reach thy hand to take it !

Cal. I have the senate's mandate on my mind —
The legions wait my presence —

[*Shouts of "Liberty forever !" without.*]

The senate's last decree has found a tongue
In every heart — and, "*Liberty forever !*"
Rings through the iron phalanx, and inflames
With heavenly ardour ; — welcome, oh, thrice welcome
Death-daring Hope ! — Shout, shout again, brave soldiers ;
Your eagles strain their golden wings once more
For victory — and the red vultures cleanse
Their clotted beaks to banquet on the foe !

Euph. Onward to battle then, for liberty !

Cal. For liberty !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An apartment in EUPHRON'S house. ATHENIA and ADA.

Ath. Poor sufferers ! would that my means were greater !

Ada. They were so grateful, lady, that their tears
Mixed with their supplications for thy blessing.

I could not help weeping to see them weep.

Ath. Oh, my poor bleeding country ! for thy sins,
How terrible this judgement of high Heaven ! —
They were all fed, and well provided, Ada !

Ada. Yes ; but the little infant that you saw,
Died at its mother's breast — and would you think it ?
The mother laughed out loud — weeping and laughing —
And then she shuddered so, in anguish, lady,
I ran and brought the pretty flowing mantle
You gave me on my birth-day, which she took,
And, sighing, folded round her lifeless child : —
It was a trifling present — nay, not so —
Yet, pardon me — look, here she comes again !

(Enter OPHIRA.)

Ath. Merciful Heaven ! what a sight is this !

Oph. Hush ! — sh ! you will wake my child — so ! softly !
softly !

We shall have food enough when the moon changes —
They say the grave is not so cold, neither ! —

Ath. What wouldst thou have, thou poor unfortunate !

Oph. Only a little food while my child dies ! —

For mercy ! charity ! — hush ! — sh ! — I am coming —

Wait awhile — wait awhile — *we'll bury this first* —

And then — keep off thy hand, base Saracen !

He is my husband — do not kill him ! — monster !

Right through his heart ! murder ! help ! Christians, help !

[*Rushes out.*

Ath. Spirit of holiness ! dove of the hallowed ark,

That bears the sinking soul above the tide,

Come with the olive-blooming harbinger

Of meek-eyed Peace, and midst the spirit's strife,

Bend once again thy rainbow o'er the storm ! —

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An opening in a range of mountains (the Libanus.) The river BARRADY breaking out from the opening — DAMASCUS in the distance with gardens. A high precipitous rock surmounted by a castle overhanging the river. The scene lies below in the Ager Damascenus. The tent of KALED discovered. Time, sunrise: the sun gilding the spires of the city. KALED and DERA outside the tent.

Dera. Thus far has Allah blest us — praised be Allah !

Scarce had I left the infidel's abode,

Fit paradise for dew-eyed luxury,

When the bright morning spread her Tyrrian wings,
And waked the slumbering echoes : — I have passed
A night of danger — thrice along the walls
The lynx-eyed sentinel his challenge sent,
And twice was it eluded — one alone
Suspected my great purpose — but I hurled
Defiance in his teeth, and here I am.

Kaled. Well Dera, with thy business! —

Dera. Sleep had fled

The fearful people — o'er their pallid brows
The night-torch spread a hue of ghastliness —
Some bowed themselves in tears, and kissed the cross,
While I stood by and smiled : — 'twas murmured there,
The trunkless head of one they call divine,
Parted its bloodless lips and whispered "wo!" —
At length I gained the council of their chiefs,
Who wearied out the watches of the night,
And heard their resolution — pinched to death
By famine — rent by civil broils, and foes
Who mask themselves in dark hypocrisy —
They have resolved to sue to thee for peace.

Kaled. Then will they sue the hungry lion's mercy —
For by the shrine of Mecca, ere the sun
Shall gild again these lofty mountain tops,
I'll feast upon the bloodless heart of Syria,
And crown the eldest daughter of the world,
In mockery of herself : — how proudly now,

She lifts her conscious beauty to the skies,
Careless of ruin ! — Thou hast ever been
The spot where Nature dimpled into smiles ;
Fit residence for dark-eyed messengers,
Who bear the mandates of eternal God.
Thou art too fair for Christian dogs to inhabit ;
Thou whom Mohammed loved, and loving feared,
Amidst thy sweet seductions — while his work
On earth remained — exposed to earth's corruption.
The altars which disgrace thee shall be razed,
With all their countless, false divinities.
And thou shalt forge the thunder-bolts of wo
For thine own ruin — and this day shall build
A monument to Abubekir's name,
Which shall not crumble — be we only just,
And faithful to our cause.

Dera. When Kaled speaks,
The sword of Allah leaps to Victory !

Kaled. Nay, scourge of Christians ! keep thy honied
words

To recreate a mistress — we have need
Of action, or our scimitars will rust —
I charge thee, Dera, for this last assault ;
See every man be ready ; when the sun
Shall call to morning prayer — the Prophet's hour
Of certain victory — one sudden burst
Shall overwhelm the city ; — though I would,

If possible, preserve so fair a place,
That Abubekir might repose his age
Among its pleasant gardens ; — but 'tis written !

Dera. My bosom burns to pay the Christian dogs
The debt I owe their coward treachery.

Kaled. Hope is a willing slave — despair is free —
So shall Damascus gird her iron on,
In desperate resistance — but her doom
Is registered in those black leaves of fate,
Which Allah reads in Heaven — while men tremble.

Enter AEDALLAH.

Worthy Abdallah ! may the Prophet's blessing,
And Abebukir's honours rest upon thee !
What think'st thou, soldier, shall we carry home
A glittering tribute and a few poor rags,
To grace our triumph in the Caliph's eyes —
Shall we, who sacked Bassora, and upraised
The Sanjeak-sheiff on the Christian walls
Of many a leaguered town, now leave Damascus ?
No ! by Medina, I will storm her citadel —
Exterminate her people, and wring out
The last red drop that gives a Christian life : —
The treacherous infidel ! was't not enough
To parley with foul thoughts, when victory hung
Triumphantly upon the Moslem side,
And tempt my life by stratagem ? — Enough —

Speak, my lieutenant, I would take thy counsel ;
[*Aside.*] So it accord with my fixed resolution.

Abd. Sword of God ! —

The tongue of wisdom lies behind her heart ; —
This world is but the shadow of a cloud —
A dream of troubled sleep : were I to seek
So much thy friendship, as the way of right,
I would not think so loudly as I do ; —
But when I cease to do the high behest
Of Allah — when my heavenly leader shows
The way of duty, and I cease to follow,
Then may the angel of relentless death
Bear me to judgement. — Kaled, I protest
Against thy dark design ; — our swords were sent
In the high cause of Allah, to persuade,
Or *force*, if necessary, every one
Who bows to Christ, to leave his impious faith,
And follow all the Koran's sacred laws ; ---
Why should we scatter death so needlessly ? —

Kaled. You talk like one that has not been abused ;
Half christian, by my faith ! and would you turn
Like one contemned, to beg for more contempt ?
This is to be a christian ; — fie, Abdallah !
I thought you cherished more of manliness !

Abd. When Abubekir gave the sword to you,
And took from me the standard, which you bear,
Though I acknowledged your superior power,

And followed you as leader, do not think
I acted so from love of degradation !
Had I been so ambitious — like the orb
Which wears our silver crescent in the sky,
I could have thrown a shadow o'er your glory ; —
I thought you worthy, but I find you *not* ; —
Nor brave, as once I held you ; though you frown
And chafe, and rage — I still will stand unmoved,
And tax you with this weakness. Do not think
To scare me with your wrath ; — what though you smote
Moseilam with the spear that Hamza slew,
And sealed Mohammed's favour ? — It was I
Who stood the Prophet's witness here below, —
'Twas I unfurled the sacred banner first,
And fought its holy battles — ever ready,
As now, to die, ere it shall be polluted !

Kaled. It is not meet that one the Prophet loved,
Should rouse my anger — else, would I —

Dera.

Forbear !

Why should you wage, heroes of Ismaël !
A war of words in conflict with each other ?
Abdallah was Mohammed's earthly witness,
His friend, companion, and the light which chose
His faithfulness, instructed him to act
According to his will ; — I hate the christians —
But then the love I bear his memory,
Is stronger than my hatred of his foes.

Kaled. I am the last to love dissension, Dera !

Abd. Then listen ! if we urge extremities,
We blind ourselves to every fair advantage —
Damascus must be ours ; — but if we hold
A deaf ear to her cries, and slaughter wildly,
What city henceforth will submit, while lives
A single arm to keep a city free ? —
Humanity is policy in war —
And cruelty's a prodigal that heaps
A suicidal burthen on himself.

(The bell of Damascus strikes.)

(Enter a Saracen Soldier.)

Sold. The christians are upon the move, my lord !
The sentinel from yonder precipice,
Bade me declare a sally.

Kaled.

How is this ?

[To Dera.

They've fooled thee, soldier, hurry to the rescue !

[Exit Dera.

Abdallah ! head the Armenian archers, — bear
The standard in thine own particular hand ;
I trust it to thy charge ; — forget the past !
Onward and fight for Paradise !

Abd.

For Paradise !

[Exeunt.

(End of Act I.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A pleasure-ground in DAMASCUS. ATHENIA alone.

Ath. I will not pluck thee from thy parent tree,
Sweet rose of beauty ! while the raindrops hang
O'er thy clear blush their modest ornaments —
Another hour shall glory in thy smile,
And when the daylight dies, the queen of heaven
Shall fold thee in a silver veil of love,
Forgetting her Endymion. Foolish heart !
As if I *loved* ! — Yet truly, as I live,
I fear I love the very *thought* of love !
Oh, childish joy — indefinite delight ! —
That I should dream so sweetly — and at morn
Find my eyes wet with tears ! —

Enter CALOÛS.

Cal. [*Embracing her.*] Athenia !

Ath. Thank thee, Heaven !

Cal. What kind, indulgent power
Has smiled on Caloüs, that so much bliss

At once should dissipate his darkest gloom,
And make a noon of midnight !

Ath. Thank thee, Heaven !

Cal. Say then, thou lovest me still, Athenia !

Ath. Love thee ! indeed I know not if I love. —

When thou art nigh, I fain would be alone —
And when away, I'm sad and desolate : —
Beshrew this maiden fickleness of thought !
I would not give the treasure of my love,
For all the wealth that earth or ocean covers : —
And thou wilt save our altars, Caloüs !
The holy cross, and every dear remain
Of sainted martyr, still inviolate !
So shall we wander in our honrs of joy,
On the green margin of life's sunny stream,
With more delight than ever — shall we not ?

Cal. What grief can throw a shadow o'er our way,
When love is cloudless ? — let thy heart be still,
Young Halcyon, on its marble resting-place !
There is no fear, Athenia, that the foe
Can harm Damascus ; — though his arm is strong,
The arm above is stronger — even now,
The victory is ours.

Ath. Alas ! Damascus.

Cal. Chase these vain fears ! — and dost thou, maiden,
think,

The soil where Adam trod in majesty —

The land Jehovah guarded, when the fiend
Drove Saul to persecute — and where the light,
And breath of God softened his heart of steel,
Turning his thoughts to pity and to love ;
Think'st thou, this consecrated place can yield,
While He is with us, as He e'er has been ? —

Ath. His ways are dark, and deeply intricate —
When Heaven was kindest, innocence was lost,
And Paradise gave birth to Misery.

Cal. Let not such thoughts plant lilies on thy cheek,
My own Athenia ! all will yet be well —
Come, let me bind a chaplet of fresh flowers
To deck thy temples — I will steal an hour
From anxious Care, and sacrifice to Love,
The hopes and wishes I have nursed for thee. —
Not always thus shall be our wayward lot,
To wander here and steal from Love's rich store,
These precious moments of sweet ecstasy !
Not always thus, my girl ! — when dove-eyed peace
Spreads her white wings again, the sacred tie
Shall bind our wedded hearts — till then, my love !
Thy smile shall cheer me on in peril's hour,
With its dear influence !

Ath. Oh, Caloüs,
Thy words have touched a string of memory's lyre,
And waked the key-note of the saddest dirge
That Fancy ever played to Melancholy ! —

I dreamed last night — how could I have forgotten ?
I dreamed we stood before St. Michael's altar,
Breathing eternal vows — when — oh ! how strange !
Suddenly, without cause, you tore away
The holy cross down from above the altar,
And trampled it beneath your sandaled feet —
Oh, such a dream ! — and then methought that I,
With Delphic fury maddened in my dream,
And prophesying ruin, snatched from air,
Hot thunder-fire and hurled thee to the dust,
Shrieking from very agony of hatred !
Oh, horror, horror, horror !

Cal. Stay these fantastic thoughts, strange excellence !
I love thee more, Athenia, for that mind,
So capable of wild imaginings ! —

Ath. But why
Can truant Reason thus desert her throne,
And suffer Truth and Falsehood, hand in hand,
To conjure such conceptions in the brain ?

Cal. The mind is ever wakeful — when the spirits
Grow weary, nature calls for their repose ;
And thus our animal being slumbers nightly ;
Yet the mind moves in its eternal course,
Thought following thought, by that association,
Which governed them by day — but like a king
Throned with his vassals slumbering at his side,
Its counsellors are gone — Perception's messengers

Lie mute before their monarch — whose mistake
Leads on to such a labyrinth of errors,
That bright Aurora, with her threads of light,
Must be its Ariadne, or 'tis lost.

Ath. Oh, strange, mysterious Nature! strange Philosophy,
That reads its true relations; — Caloüs!
It is because of their reflex conditions,
Matter and mind thus imaging each other,
That I am led away by fantasy.

Pray Heaven you fall not in this cruel strife!

Cal. I prithee do not play Cassandra's part,
And prophesy of dying; — I have here
A fairer Paradise than Moslems have,
With *such* an Houri — Come, away with this; —
How can this dull cloud pass before the sun,
And turn our spring to winter? — There, I knew,
The dimpling bud of my Damascus rose
Was only folding its sweet leaves awhile,
To garner up more beauty! —

Ath.

Flatterer!

How well you coin Love's silver currency —
Beshrew me that I so should like its chime! —
My bosom is a hive — whose winged thoughts
Steal honey from the Hybla of your tongue,
That when its absence brings their wintry hour,
They may retire to their sweet home awhile,
And dream again of summer! Now, I know,

That angels hover round us when we love —
For I have heard strange music in my walks,
Linking the loved ideal of my heart
With all things beautiful — till eye and ear
Drunk in delicious pleasure : — How is this ?

Cal. If angels ever leave their pure abodes,
They could not live more spotless than with thee !

Ath. Hush ! they will hear thee, and offended Heaven
Blast us for sacrilegious vanity.

Caloüs ! I fear I love thee more than Heaven !

Cal. Love such as thine may strike its roots below,
But 'tis a plant that blossoms in the skies.
Look ! how the dew of heaven upon this flower
Drinks up the sunbeams ! do'st thou think that they
Were sent so many million miles to shine,
Except to bless the petals which they warm ?
Oh, would I were a pencil of that light,
To live an hour with my Damascus rose !

Ath. Oh, would I *were* a rose, and you my sun —
That every tear which lonely night distils,
Might dance with gladness, when you brought the morn !

[*Caloüs embraces her.*]

Oh, how the heavenly alchemy of Love,
Turns every thought to golden blessedness !

Ada, [*without.*] What, ho ! my lady ! —

Ath. It is my Baya's voice — the innocent bird,
That bears our dearest messages of love !

Enter ADA.

Well, minion, thou hast found me — art afraid ?
What hast thou there ? An arrow, by my life !
Has Cupid sped a shaft at thee so soon ?

Cal. Where didst thou find that instrument of death !

Ada. I hope, my lord, it is no evil sign.
E'en now while standing by the marble spring,
Listening to hear two sweet birds sing together,
That arrow rustling through the fruit-tree leaves,
Pierced one of those poor birds, which fell down moaning,
Even to my very feet. I plucked it out,
And in exceeding sorrow sought my mistress ;
Still do I hear that dear bird's dying music,
And its poor broken-hearted mate lamenting.

[*During ADA's speech, CALOUS takes the arrow from her, and breaks it ; a paper falls out, which he takes up, and reads.*]

Cal. " *To Euphron, Prefect of Damascus !*" —
Athenia, I must leave thee ! Stay here, Ada !
Where is the Prefect gone, Athenia ?

Ath. What can this mean ? Ah me, some new distress !

Cal. In sooth, 'tis nothing, love ! — where is your father ?
[*abstractedly.*] Yes ! it shall be done !

Ath. What shall be done ?

Cal. What Heaven ordains — Leave me, my love, awhile !

Ath. Leave thee awhile ! alas, alas, Damascus !

I hear the death-bird screaming on the wind,
Wo to Damascus! — Leave thee awhile! — Farewell!

[*Going.*

Cal. Stay, sweet enchantress! by the light of love,
And the enshrined divinity that burns
Within that guileless bosom, where I worship,
Dim not those angel eyes with mortal tears;
I did not mean to give thee pain, Athenia!

Ath. [*Looking earnestly at him.*]

Caloüs, thy God will leave thee to that worship,
And wed thee to despair! [*Turning away sorrowfully.*
Alas, Damascus! [*Exit.*

Cal. [*Musing.*] If I give up this city, they will think
Caloüs the worst of traitors — though the end
Must show the deep fidelity I bear her.
Another day would find Damascus fallen:
Why then delay? — when sudden death impends,
The direst medicine is not amiss.
But, should I fail! just Heaven, what wo were mine!
If I succeed — thy smiles, my rescued country!
Thy brighter smiles, Athenia, will repay
This conflict between duty, love, and fear.
It shall be done! — dry up your tears, Damascus!
And spare your curses while I work your weal.
Let me peruse this strange despatch again —

[*While he is reading, EUPHRON enters — seeing him, CALOÛS starts.*]

Now by the Baptist's blood, the thing itself,
The very body that the shadow threw ! —

[To EUPHRON.]

Know'st thou this signet ?

Euph. It is Werdan's !

Cal. See what a herald he has sent to you —

Euph. [Reading.] “If you cannot hold the city, contrive to gain time in some way. The army will be at your gates to-morrow.”

The very words !

Cal. Had you another like it ?

Euph. Even to the very folding in a reed
Shot as an arrow o'er the garden wall,
I found it ere I saw you in the morning,
And this is but its fellow to secure
Communication. May it be the last ! —
Had I your youth —

Cal. Speak not to me of youth —
I have resolved upon the sacrifice ; —
Yet how shall it be done ? — That is the question.

Euph. Openly, like a traitor — 'tis a part
Requiring the free action of a mind
Bent on the perpetration of a deed,
Against all dangers panoplied.

Cal. Alas !
Who would believe that Caloüs has revolted ?
They could not find a motive for the crime,

To satisfy astonishment. In truth, sir,
My better nature shrinks. —

Euph. Why should it so ?

Cal. The Christian precept, it would seem, were only
A matter of convenience ! I have learned
To deem it universal in its meaning.
And I confess, my conscience does not like
To view this strange transaction. —

Euph. As you please !

Your country, nay, Athenia, has no claim
Upon your pity. When Damascus falls, —
As fall she must, should the impending blow
Strike as it threatens, — how can you behold
The flames — the sacrilege — the foul pollution,
You might have once prevented ! — look you there —
They drag my daughter from me — she is dead ! —
No ! 'tis the seal the wanton Arab sets
On Christian innocence !

Cal. Oh, spare me, spare me !

I prithee do not let thy fancy stain
Her spotless ermine by another thought : —
Name but a pretext that will varnish o'er
The absurdity of such a foul revolt —
Make it but actable — and I will do it,
Teach me to make the treachery probable !

Euph. I have it, but it tasks thy virtue further —
Thou shalt be superseded in command,

And then revenge were natural !

Cal.

Excellent !

Euph. I'll pull the strings that move those dancing jacks,
The hangers-on of Government for office ;
And they will wag their venal tongues at thee,
And lash the rabble public into foam,
E'en while you save them. 'Tis an easy thing
To open the light flood-gates that hedge up
Public opinion, and let scandal work
On reputation. Are you satisfied ?

Cal. Methinks Lucullus asks me to a feast,
To banquet all the senses — I am lost
In mere imagination of such bounty.
Great God ! was ever mortal tasked as I am ?
Oh, I could wade through blood for honour's sake,
But to seek glory in so rank a path,
Shames me in doing. May we trust Athenia ?

Euph. No, not a living soul. But I must act
The hypocrite and liar for her sake,
And curse thee to my daughter ! —

Cal.

Horrible,

That love should mask in livery of hell !

Euph. To-morrow, ere the impatient sun goes down,
Think what a bright reverse ! Our city free ;
The Imperial Army at our very gates ;
The shouts, the triumph of a grateful people ;
While their deliverer bears his bride in joy !

But if the foe once gain the city walls,
 Though Werdan should invest them with his rank,
 The country is alive with maddened Arabs,
 And midst their still accumulating power,
 How could we hope for mercy ?

Cal. Say no more,

It shall be done, be thou but prompt to aid me.

Euph. Meet me an hour hence in the library.

I have a friar's dress — which oft at night,
 Serves me in my excursions through the city.

'Twill help this great occasion. Fare thee well !

[*Exit.*

Cal. If I should fail ! oh God, if I should fail !
 What crawling wretch would hug his grim despair
 Like Caloüs ! hence spectre, to thy grave !
 Why dost thou come to make a coward of me ?

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Saracen camp. — Kaled, Abdallah, Dera.

Kaled. Foiled yet again ! the standard taken too !

Abd. 'Tis safe, my lord !

Kaled. But then it was polluted.

Abd. Not by a christian's touch ! 'tis true awhile
 'They bore it by the staff — myself struck down

By their infernal engines ;— not a thread
Of its green folds was yet contaminated.

Dera was present, and can vouch for this.

Dera. By Mecca, it is true ! 'Twas the best fight
Since Karbur swam with blood at Akrabar !

(Enter a Saracen soldier in haste.)

Kaled. How now ! speak, fellow ! — tell me what's the
matter.

Sol. God is great ! May the word of God be ever victorious ! The garrison at Bozra is in danger — A caravan from Antioch has been taken, bound for Damascus. We have learned from one who has renounced the idolatry of Christ, that Heraclius the Emperor, has sent an army to relieve Damascus. May the arm of Allah strengthen you !

Kaled. Presumptuous fool !
Would Kaled had an hundred thousand arms
To clear the world of those unwashed idolaters !
What shall we do, brave soldiers ? Is it best
To raise this siege awhile — or wilt thou go

[*To Dera.*

With half the Caliph's forces, and thyself
Dash at these wood-adorers — scourge of christians ?
Ere thou return, Damascus will have poured
Her treasures to pile up the monument
Which thou shalt lay with the imperial gold.

Dera. Let me away at once, before the foe

Can hurry on their legions to these gates.
If we march on to-night, the palm's long shade
Will point the east to conquered Syria.

Kaled. Begone in Allah's name ; for Paradise !
On the event of this great action, Dera !
Much will depend. Be cautious, curb thy valour ;
Strike once, and mightily. Remember, Paradise !
Thou who hast saved the standard, art deserving
To fight beneath its shadow ; bear it with thee !
Begone and conquer !

Dera. I have already won
The favour of the black-eyed girls of heaven !

Kaled. They look with eager longing for thee, Dera ;
There's rest for thee in heaven. On, action, action !

(Enter two Saracens, leading in a Grecian captive.)

What have we here ? stay, Dera, here's more news.
What art thou, dog ?

Capt. A prisoner, at thy mercy !

Kaled. A christian and a dog. Whence art thou ? tell me,
Or I will throw thy carcass to the hounds
That howl for thy whole kindred !

Capt. Spare my life,
And I will serve thee faithfully and well.
God is the only God, and Mohammed
His Prophet.

Kaled. Thou hast won thy life, already ;

Speak freely to me. How canst thou serve Allah ?
Thou shalt be harnessed in pure gold, speak freely.

Capt. The Grecian army —

Kaled. What of it ? where ? how many ? haste, I pray
thee !

Capt. Ten leagues away, and hurrying by forced marches.
It will be here to-morrow.

Kaled. Know'st its rout ?

Capt. Yes, and will guide thee to it, unerringly.

Kaled. Enough ! we'll go together, scourge of christians !
Abdallah, thou shalt govern in my absence !
Keep the defensive — and retreat, if haply
These rabid dogs unkennel from the city.
Go, Dera, rouse the lions from their lair,
Bring out ten thousand archers, and as many
High mettled chargers, manned and scimitared ;
Provision for one day — Heraclius
Has doubtlessly provided with large bounty
For all our possible wants — Go, and when ready,
Bring up my guard, and we will on to Bozra.

[*Exit Dera.*

Bear off your prisoner — give him nourishment,
And have him ready for the march forthwith.

[*Exeunt soldiers with captive.*

Abdallah, I must charge thee in my absence,
To have a keen observance of Damascus.
These infidels are wily as the brood

That weep upon the borders of the Nile.
Be sparing of thy pity, should they send
Their olive-bearing messengers to thee.
Our policy is conquest, and our aim
To propagate Mohammed's revelation.
Be all things to all men but seemingly,
And keep thy own heart as a citadel,
Where to retire in every great emergence.
But trusting to thy faith and high discretion,
Thou hast full power when Kaled is away.

Abd. Alas, my shoulders are unfit to bear
Unwonted burthens — and my heart misgives,
Lest Kaled may return dissatisfied.

Kaled. Fear not. Thy course is plain. Follow it out,
And discontent can find no place to enter.
Hazard no battle — and what else betides,
So we possess Damascus, all is well.

Abd. If Abubekir be my judge, perhaps
My motives to advance the cause of Allah,
May make amends for all imprudences.

Kaled. See! Dera is already on the march.
There is a soldier who can carve out empire.
Yet should he hold a sceptre, his weak head
Would swim so, he would dash his giddy brains out.
And yet how well he bears himself in war!

(Martial music; enter Dera with a guard of Saracens, who

march and counter-march ; Dera, in the meantime, gives up the command to Kaled, and exeunt.)

(End of Act II.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter LUCRETIVS and DECIUS.

Luc. What, further shortened in our poor allowance ?

Dec. The granaries are exhausted.

Luc. Gracious Heaven !

Where will this end ? Yet no relief — Oh, patience !

To what extent must we endure these ills ?

Oh, madness ! that the Prefect should divest

Syria's right arm of power at such a time,

When all its strength is needed ! Why was this ?

Dec. He urges the advice he gave the Senate,

Though prompted by himself, and he declares

That Caloüs has o'erstepped authority,

Using a dangerous influence with the people.

'Tis strange how many unimagined charges

Can swarm upon a man, when once the lid

Of the Pandora box of contumely

Is opened o'er his head !

Luc.

'Tis strange indeed !

Dec. There never was a soldier more deserving,
Than he who is rejected. He has borne
Office with modesty, performing ever,
His duty with a promptitude and zeal,
That many a time have gained his country laurels.

Luc. Nor is he a mere soldier.

Dec. Far from it.

He served his country in a magistracy,
And what is wonderful in these bad times,
He never served himself. Why, look around,
And count, if possible, the pampered numbers
Who fatten on the state. They are the men,
Who, if they find a man too honourable
To be a fellow-gleaner of the spoils,
When faction's sickle sweeps the public wealth,
Lift up their angry voices to the crowd,
And breathe around their pestilential breath,
Till virtue's self is tainted by its touch :
So has it been with him ; the people cry
" Down with the Greek ! Give us a Syrian leader." —
And for the good which he has done to them,
They pelt him with hard curses — hiss at him —
And call him General of their misfortunes.
But yesterday, he was their lord and idol ;
Why, sir, the very soldiers curl their lips,
And whisper in sarcastic raillery,
Sporting in his disgrace.

Luc. The sun is set,
Which broke from the high places on his head,
And he who scattered its reflected beams,
Condenses on his cold and rayless brow,
The reeking atmosphere of insolence.
The Prefect is a traitor to our hopes !
Some say he's jealous of Athenia's favour,
As ill bestowed ; thus for a private pique,
He shapes the destiny of countless thousands.

Dec. Athenia is a noble gentlewoman,
Stamp'd in the finest mould of excellence.
Rome in her palmiest state, when woman nursed
Her grandeur, by the care of her young heroes,
Had scarce her equal. How will she endure
This outrage on affection, she whose mind
High overtops all selfishness ?

Luc. Yet know,
Her love is but the blossom of a tree
Of most luxuriant verdure ; in her heart,
The love she bears her country is supreme
To all affections ; and her Christian zeal
So shames the false and meretricious colour
That mantles our deep-grained hypocrisy,
That I have sometimes gazed on her with awe,
As an angelic substance. Many a time
When her wrapped spirit winged itself away
In holy meditation, I have seen

Unearthly beauty kindle o'er her face,
And almost heard the harmony I knew
Her kindred thoughts were hymning with her God.

[*Shouts without.*

Why this tumult?

Dec. Probably the appointment
Of Manlius the Centurion.

[*Shouts continue.*

Shout away!

Toss up your caps, enjoy your festival!
Riot in madness! — in a few brief hours,
You'll wear your chains more gracefully for this:
Here comes lord Caloüs — I will leave you to him.

[*Exit.*

Enter CALOUS.

Luc. Noble Caloüs,
I greet thee with a soldier's sympathy!

Cal. Thanks for this courtesy!

Luc. Do'st thou not grieve
To see Damascus mad?

Cal. Say, had she cause
To blow this mildew on my honour's bud?

Luc. Never! thou'st always served her like a son,
And she has proved a most unnatural mother.

Cal. Why, she has cast me off, as I had been
Tainted with crime. Lucretius, thou'rt a man

Lifted so high above the influence
Of popular breath that sways these demagogues,
That in my sore distress I come to ask
For counsel in this great calamity.
What shall I do, Lucretius, proudly scorning
To court the pity of the multitude ;
Degraded, stigmatised, and pointed at
By the bought fingers of those brainless shapes
Which call each other men ?

Luc. Ask'st thou me ?

Cal. Ay, good Lucretius, what is to be done ?

Luc. Set thou the first example of true greatness,
And pity an infatuated people.

What is't to thee, that others do thee wrong ?

Thou art *thyself*, amidst the worst injustice,

That hatred can heap up upon thy head.

Revenge thy wrongs with magnanimity ;

Build up thy virtue higher than the clouds

That human passion girts the good man with,

And let perpetual sunshine rest upon it.

Forgive thy country, pity her, and save !

Cal. Oh, would I could, Lucretius, — would I could !

But she has come to such a pass, I fear

That patriotism is dead, while selfishness

Stalks like a pestilential spectre forth,

The shadow of her ruin !

Luc.

No one knows.

The influence of individual effort.

The lowliest man wields every day and hour,

A moral lever which may sway the world.

But one who stands as thou do'st, far apart,

And islanded amidst the foaming crowd,

That chafes upon his shore — his high example

Gives life unto a system, and 'tis his

To be the saviour or the scourge of men !

Cal. True, good Lucretius, it is very true.

Thine is a fine philosophy ; I feel

The holy inspiration that breathes forth

From thy pure precepts ; but humanity !

Poor, error-loving, fond humanity —

How do'st thou read the wisdom of the skies,

Yet turn to gaze on earth !

Farewell ! I'll think upon thy good advice,

And sigh o'er its instruction.

[*Exit.*

[*Shouts without.*

Luc. Farewell, thou noble and most injured man !

Here are chromatic discords that might stir

A frame less sensitive. Shout, shout away !

Ignoble slaves ! abominable tyrants !

[*Shouts approach.*

Well, ye may come this way — I shall not shun ye !

[*Enter a crowd of people with clubs.*

1st Cit. Here is a fellow of the same fine trim,

A rank aristocrat.

2nd Cit.

Look ye, my hearty !

Where have ye snuggled away that clean-faced scoundrel ?

Luc. Whom seek ye, sage supporters of the state —

Supreme dictators, worthy mobocrats !

Can poor Lucretius serve ye any way ?

1st Cit. Where's the aristocrat ? bring him before us !

Luc. Whom is it that ye call aristocrat ?

1st Cit. Caloüs, the white-washed Greek — our former General.

Luc. A nobler nature ne'er was sacrificed

To an ungrateful people ! hark ye, sirs !

This Caloüs, whom ye basely vilify,

Echoing the noisy demagogues that rule ye —

Many voices. We are not ruled — we are the sovereign people.

Luc. Ye are the lowest of all earthly slaves !

Ye suffer to be collared, bridled, bitted ;

Ye let your riders mount ye, so they cry,

“Dear sovereign people, sinews of the state.”

Ye're led as asses are — as willingly —

So your conductors flatter you with crying

“'Tis as *you* will, *your* will is all supreme,

Most *honest* people !”

Many voices.

Down with this Lucretius !

Luc. If, haply, midst your crowd of servile flatterers,

An independent child of God is found,

To assert the great prerogative of man,

And speak the truth with boldness, instantly,
Ye cry, "aristocrat," "oppressor," tyrant!"
Ye are yourselves your only true oppressors;
Ye are yourselves the true aristocrats;
Ye are the kind of tyrants, who, stark mad,
Blind, and bewildered, grope among themselves,
And sacrifice each other. Get ye home,
And purge away the dulness of your eyes,
To see your true condition. Gracious Heaven!
Will the time ever come when man shall learn
There's such a thing as too much liberty?

Many voices. Down with this rank aristocrat, down with
him.

Luc. Ye dare not lay a finger on my head,
Unworthy Syrians! I defy your rage!
Where is your leader? let him show his face —
Ye are a pack of cowards, every one,
Scared even at each other? Do ye come
To seek out Caloüs? — Why look ye, sirs?
Were Caloüs here, he'd frown ye to submission.
Here is some money for you; — get some drink,
And pledge us your good wishes — do, I pray ye!

Many people. [*All scrambling for the money.*]
Huzza for Caloüs! long live Lucretius!
Huzza! huzza! huzza!

[*Exeunt tumultuously.*]

Luc. I'd buy a million of ye, had I money,

For any act rebellious. God have mercy !
If our deliverance rests on such as these !

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in EUPHRON'S house. — ATHENIA and ADA.

Ada. Why does my mistress weep ? It grieves my heart ?
To see her shed so many tears — has Ada
Offended her ?

Ath. Hush, Ada, I am done —
The fountain is exhausted. Have you seen
My father in his usual walk, to-day ?

Ada. Early this morning — not since he went abroad.

Ath. Would he were within ! my heart is heavy,
And longs to pour its griefs within some bosom.
There is a noise in his apartment now ;
Go, Ada, call him to me, and request,
If he have leisure, a short interview.

[*Exit Ada, who returns immediately.*

Ada. 'Tis not your father, madam.

Ath. Not my father !

Ada. It is a holy friar — an intimate ;
I've seen him often pass the corridor.
But never with your father.

Ath.

Call him thither !

[*Exit Ada.*]

My spirits would be lightened of this weight,
That presses them to earth. Why are we thus
The sport of circumstance — that some light breath
Should quench the taper that dispelled the night,
And call it back again ?

Enter ADA.

Ada. My lady, he is gone — his hurried step
Chid my request, ere I had uttered it.

Ath. Oh, for a sister's heart, to share with mine,
Its burthen of affection.

Ada.

Dearest lady !

Ath. My gentle girl, dost thou not sometimes wish
To be among the playmates of thy home,
And watch the antelopes among the hills,
Bounding from crag to crag ; and hear the storm
Sounding majestic anthems ?

Ada.

Dearest lady !

I often think of home — but 'tis to bless
My parents that they gave my youth to thee.
Oh, they were kind, and taught me how to live ;
But thou, alone, hast taught me how to die !
May I not call thee, sister ?

Ath.

Yes, sweet Ada !

Enter EUPHRON, in haste.

Oh, my father !

Euph.

Quickly, Athenia,

Tell me who passed the corridor just now ?

Ath. Why, father ? was it not the holy friar,
Who visits you so often ?

Ada.

It was he.

I saw him pass with an unusual speed,
Some time ago.

Euph.

Hark ! what noise is that ?

Again ?

[*Going to the window.*

Look how the people hurry through the streets !

[*Bell strikes.*

Why all this tumult ? treason, by the cross !

Ath. God forbid ! God forbid !

Enter a Soldier.

Euph. How now ? what means this tumult ? speak ! I
charge thee !

Sold. My tongue refuses utterance — I cannot.

Euph. Slave, if you think to trifle with me thus,
I'll hurl thy trunkless head among the crowd.
Speak, chicken-hearted varlet !

Sold. Treason is out — Caloüs has fled to Kaled !

Ath. Liar ! May heaven's hot lightning scorch thy heart,
Infamous liar ! 'tis false, thou hollow villain —

Caloüs a traitor ! Caloüs fled to Kaled !
 Sooner would Michael fly to the arch fiend,
 And storm the throne of heaven !

Euph. Impossible !

Ath. Ay, though you stripped him of his oaken crown,
 Blasted his full-blown honours — banished him —
 He could not play the Roman exile's part,
 And strike against his country !

Yet that dream !

How like an ugly fiend at murky night,
 It rises up before me ! — Hence, base phantoms !
 Ye hell-engendered offspring of bad thoughts,
 Back to your sulphurous caverns ! — Air !

[*Faints.*

The attendants support ATHENIA — Another soldier enters.

Euph. More news !

Out with it screaming raven — tell us quickly,
 Is it all true ? Has Caloüs fled indeed ?

Sold. Most basely fled.

Euph. Then are we lost, forever !

Ath. [*Reviving.*] Where is lord Caloüs ?

[*looking around, wildly.*

Euph. Alas ! my wretched daughter,

Caloüs has played the traitor to his trust,
 And sacrificed his country. Damned villain !

Ath. Speak not thus ! speak not thus ! in pity father ;
 I never knew you thus ; your own Athenia,

Your daughter, father, begs you to forbear !

No ! no ! no ! no ! — just heaven, avert the omen !

Euph. Alas ! my gentle sufferer, 'tis too true !

Ath. Then thou eternal father of all truth,

Pour out the vials of thy wrath upon him.

May his false heart blaze with the flames of hell,

And crust to ashes. [*kneels.*] Here I vow to thee,

Never again to commune with kind thoughts,

Till thy sure retribution mete to him

The scourge of perfidy ! Hence, charmer, hence !

Come black revenge, revenge that knows no stay,

From that cold grave, where lies my buried love,

And may death's angel hover o'er his path,

And darken it still deeper with despair !

[*While she is still kneeling, the scene closes.*]

SCENE III.

Near the Saracen camp.

Enter CALOUS, (throwing off a friar's dress.)

Cal. Now then I'll play the villain — thus the soul

Strips off its mortal dress to play the fiend,

And lure confiding fools to certain ruin.

Unhappy city ! I can bear your curses ;

Howl your wrath louder yet ; a few more hours

Shall change this jarring discord to a hymn.

Of gratitude and joy. And thou, Athenia !
 Thou who hast chained me to the car of love,
 Keep back the ignorant current of thy thoughts,
 And let its tranquil beauty, as is wont,
 Paint the clear depths of heaven !

This should be

The outposts of their camp. Now steel thy heart,
 Caloüs, for perfidy !—forgive me, heaven,
 If thou can'st sanctify unrighteous means,
 To aid the cause of christian truth and mercy !
 Hist ! who is here ? sure 'tis a Syrian woman ; —
 Ah me ! what sorrows may that creature have !
 For none but earth-deserted wanderers,
 From yon beleagured charnel-house of wo,
 Would seek asylum here. Who art thou, woman ?

Enter OPHIRA, who does not heed CALOÜS.

Oph. Who said the ravens brought Elijah food ? Hush !
 'twas the vulture's scream !—'Twas manna saved them.
 To think that the monster could kill her own child !—She
 ought to have nursed the poor innocent. I wish it had been
mine. Come ! come ! come ! I will not hurt you ! Ophira
 is only a lone woman !—Now, we can talk the matter over.
 He said that *man-slaughter* and *man's-laughter* were the same
 thing !—ha ! ha ! ha !—well might the screech-owl laugh !

Cal.

Unhappy woman !

Oph. (*Discovering him.*) Ha ! I have found you then !

why do you not go home to her, if she is unhappy? She gave me food, and I left her mad! They are all mad *now*!

Cal. Merciful Heaven!

Oph. I told them so! though they all blasphemed and hissed at me. I told Athenia that I would find you, too; but I cannot find *him*. Tell me, for the love of God, where they have buried my husband?

Cal. Distraction!

Oph. Look you here, sir; tell me, is not this a sweet corpse? Yet Ophira is not mad. I wish she were; for see, how they look at me as they pass along: there! they are whispering about it now! [*Falls down.*]

Cal. (*Aside.*) Poor maniac!

Oph. I heard her tell, how she and her husband were lost in a desert, where they could not get any food. How the Arabs murdered him, while the poor child starved at her parched bosom. It was a sweet ballad, though enough to break a heart of stone. It went thus:

(*Sings.*)

"The Elf-King breathed in its infant ear,

While the earth-worm coiled in its clayey bed."

I forget the rest; but it went on to tell, how they laid it under the cypress tree, and covered it with fresh flowers. Let us now go home, and leave them all in the church-yard. They are sound asleep — don't wake them! hush — sh! let me cover you over, my dear child! — there! [*Dies.*]

Cal. This is but one of the unnumbered ills,
Conquest has brought Damascus — such is war!
Oh heavens! when will the spiritual sun arise,
And with his beams effulgent, drive away
The mists of error that so long have hung
Their dark, unnatural drapery o'er the mind,
That broods o'er human carnage! when will man
Turn from the path of Cain, and learn to see
A brother without hating? Hear me, Heaven! —
Alas! how much have *I* to be forgiven!

[*Exit.*

(*End of Act III.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*Inside of the Saracen tent. ABDALLAH surrounded with
Soldiers.*

Abd. No news from Kaled yet ?

Officer. Nothing decisive.

But from the Christian captives we have learned
Intelligence, that he has met the foe.

Allah is on our side, and we must conquer.

Abd. Oh, that Mohammed would come down from Heaven,
And teach us, o'er again, those holy lessons
We have so soon forgotten ! Not for war
Nor conquest was the Koran sent to earth ;
But to teach men to live. Would Kaled knew
That mercy is the attribute of Allah !

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Strength to the arm of Allah ! Gracious Abdallah,
A Christian prisoner waits to be admitted !

Abd. Bring him before us.

[*Exit Soldier.*

Now would they be wise

And barter infidelity for faith,

Damascus still might be their Paradise.

(*Re-enter soldier with CALOUS in chains.*

This is no common man ! his high blood speaks

Even in his silence. As I live, the same !

Art thou not Caloüs, the Syrian leader ?

Cal. I wore the livery once, that slaves for fame !

To-day I am an outcast of the earth :

But Heaven has set a mark upon my brow,

By which Abdallah knows the thing that was.

I am thy willing prisoner !

Abd.

This is strange !

Why do'st thou say a willing prisoner ?

Cal. I am that wretched thing which men call traitor !

Abd. Is 't possible ?

Cal.

I am a liar else.

Abd. He who can turn a traitor to his cause,

And sell his country, is the worst of liars !

Cal. I do not sell my country, she sells me !

Abd. How sells thee ?

Cal.

Listen to me, sage Abdallah !

Thou hast a reputation which transcends

The narrow confines of the Arab's path,

And Christian princes, though they will not learn,
Have listen'd to thy more than Christian wisdom.
Abdallah ! I address thee as a man,
With all his human frailties thick upon him ; —
Hear then my story — weigh it and believe.

Abd. Proceed ! I'll throw my passions in one scale
And yours in th' other — and I'll sit in the midst,
Portioning my humanity, to keep
The balance, lest thy own preponderate.

Cal. But yesterday, — alas ! the wond'rous change,
That one short revolution of this globe,
May bring to man ! — but yesterday I was the pride —
The pillar of Damascus. Thou, Abdallah !
Know'st how I fought her battles.

Abd. Would to Allah,
Thou hadst been half as zealous in *his* cause !

Cal. Dissention in our ranks, and foul disunion
Have turned my little merit to a fault,
And magnified the transformation so,
It frights them to behold it. Need I tell thee !
They would have sued for peace, and I opposed it.
And being unsuccessful yesterday,
The faction which had yielded up the city,
Have cried me down, and heaped on me their scorn ;
While Euphron, who was bound to take my part,
Has turned me from my office, and disgraced me.

Abd. Oh, faction ! what a fiend on earth art thou !

The madness of a party or a sect,
 Is but a whip placed in the hands of men,
 To scourge our vices with. Oh, Calois !
 Thou art our bitterest enemy ; and yet,
 There is an echo from my inmost heart,
 Responsive to thine own ; — but can I think
 Thy noble nature would have stoop'd so low,
 To play the traitor, and disgrace thy blood,
 As thou wilt here pretend ? Thou do'st deceive me.

Cal. Alas ! my passions weighing against thine,
 Bear down that same humanity thou speak'st of ;
 Have I asked any favour at thy hand,
 That thou should'st so discredit my intentions ?
 My life is in thy power, I pray thee take it ;
 For I do loathe existence, which can bring
 Nothing but foul dishonour every way.

Abd. Would that I could believe thee — but I cannot.

Cal. I tell thee, sir, I have renounced my country —
 Its rank idolatry — ingratitude —
 And all that I have cherished, or have loved.

Abd. Impossible !

Cal. And given myself to Islam !

Abd. To Islam ?

Cal. To the Prophet.

Abd. Gracious Allah !

Can this be true ?

Cal. God is the only God.

Mohammed is his Prophet!

Abd. [Throwing himself into his arms.

Caloüs !

Forgive me ! I have wronged thee ! how should I

Have known the gracious will of the Most High ?

'Twas He who turned thy heart from Syria ;

'Twas He who reconciled thy heart to Him,

In this mysterious way !—Kneel then, good brother !

And thank with me the Father of all light.

[They kneel together.

Cal. Oh, what a wretch am I ! [Aside.

Abd. [Rising.] Now then, my brother,

Thou hast disarmed suspicion—let me know

Freely thy purpose, and I will endeavour

To lend a patient hearing to thy words.

Cal. Know then, I come to ask no favour of thee,

Unless it be a favour to allow

Cöoperation in thy great design

Of conquering Damascus !

Abd. Say'st thou so !

Cal. Guard me, and hold above my recreant head,

Thy sharpest scimitar. I'll show the way,

At midnight, where a secret passage leads

Right to the city's heart : when this is done,

Strike through my neck, and seal the truth I utter.

Abd. And ask'st thou no reward for this great service !

Cal. Only the privilege to die revenged.

Abd. Thou wouldst not bathe thy hands in kindred blood!

Cal. No!

Abd. Wouldst thou strike the ruler who disgraced thee?

Cal. I said I would not ask to be rewarded —

Yet would I have thy promise not to shed

One drop of Christian blood: —

Abd. Thy wish is granted.

Cal. An oath!

Abd. I swear to thee by Mecca's tomb,

To keep my word inviolate.

Cal. Enough!

At midnight I will teach thee to elude

The watchful sentinel — and ere the dawn

Leads on Aurora, there shall be a cry,

Such as Damascus has not heard before,

In her distresses.

Abd. Caloüs, I believe

Sincerity has stamp'd thy every word;

But I am ruling now in Kaled's stead —

Cal. Ruling in Kaled's stead?

Abd. Ay, in his place.

Why, know they not, in thy unhappy city,

That Kaled has withdrawn one half his forces,

To meet the imperial arms and give them battle?

Cal. No! on my life. Oh, would they *had* but known it!

[*Aside.*

Abd. What do'st thou think of *that*, ransomed of Allah?

Cal. I cannot wish the imperial army ill —
So it bring no relief unto Damascus !

Abd. Oh, have no fear of that ; *I* have no fear.
Before to-morrow's dawn, Kaled will bring
The trophies of his victory.

Cal. Now, God forbid !

[*Aside.*

Abd. Caloüs ! it grieves me to declare it to thee !
I cannot strike those fetters from thy arms,
Till thou hast made thy promises secure !

Cal. Chains cannot fetter the free mind. Ah me !

[*Aside.*

Would that they could ! when conscience tortures it !

Abd. Now then for action ! Soldiers to your posts !
This night we have Damascus !

Cal. [*Loitering.*] Precious villain !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in EUPHRON'S house. EUPHRON alone.

Euph. 'Tis done ! Another day will drop the scroll,
Where in the record of revolving years
And great events, Damascus' fate is written.
Angel of Hope ! thou, who, when dark despair

Hangs heavily, with sable pinions spread,
 To shut out Heaven from the desponding soul,
 Piercest the sombre veil, and bringst us peace,
 Come from thy seraph-home and gild this hour
 So wrapt in clouds of dim uncertainty ! —

[*Pauses.*

Caloüs, ere this has gained the ear of Kaled,
 And acted like a player, his hard part.
 Now, were Abdallah chief instead of him,
 The Arab's pity might be taught to flow
 Like some poor heart-sick maiden's, at a tale
 Less true than this great fiction now on foot.
 Oh, would Athenia's grief were no more real !

Enter ATHENIA.

My daughter !

[*Embracing her.*

Ath.

Dearest father !

[*Bursting into tears : — then with emotion.*

Caloüs !

To think that *he*, of all men, should prove false !
 Oh wretch, to give away my heart to love !
 Oh fool, to traffic my immortal soul,
 For such a recreant's worship ! oh, my father,
 The hope I should have anchored on my God,
 I threw away on him. Oh, help me, father !
 I have no other father beside thee !
 Save thy poor daughter ! — oh, my brain is hot,

And my heart swells to bursting;—I have prayed

[*Solemnly.*

Most fervently for death—but without faith;

I have waked up at last, to the dark truth,

That all my heart's devotion has been false:

'Twas my imagination that I served,

And not my Maker! Heaven have mercy on me!

Euph. Amen. May Heaven have mercy on us all!

Ath. Why, what a sinful, selfish thing am I!

My own particular grief absorbs the world's!—

Here is Damascus reeling to her fall,

While I, *myself*, am wailing. Patience, Heaven!

Euph. Hold to that fond idea, my sweet child,

And pray to Heaven for patience. Oh, just God!

Look down upon my child, and pity her!

Ath. No; do not ask Him to look down on *me*!

I'll hide me from Him, like the first weak creature

Who curs'd herself for love! Oh, conscience-smitten,

Vain, foolish woman, how art thou a prey

To thy wild fantasy!

Euph.

My dear Athenia!

Yield not to this too stern necessity;

Time, which has brought thee grief, will bring thee comfort.

Think how *Damascus* suffers!

Ath.

Oh, I do!

Poor, widowed, lone Damascus. Yes, my father,

I'll steel my bosom for this double strife—

Bury my hopes and perish with my country !

Euph. Thou shalt not perish — neither shall Damascus.
Come, cheer thy heart, sweet mourner, there is hope
I have not told thee of. To-morrow's sun
Shall find the imperial army at our gates.

Ath. That were a joy too mighty ! Do'st thou think so ?

Euph. I know so, my dear daughter.

Ath. But, my father,
I dreamed an angel touched my lips with fire,
And bade me prophesy !

Euph. It was thy fancy.

Ath. (*Solemnly.*) Father, his wings were like a summer
cloud

Touched with the sunset ; and they veiled his face,
Which streamed such dazzling brightness, I fell down,
Stunn'd with unearthly splendour. While I lay,
Like Saul, God-smitten, paralysed with dread,
A voice that mocked all melody that floats
From choral song and instrumental breath,
Bade me arise. And as I rose, a hand
Immortal, touched my quivering lips with fire.
And then a voice like many thunders rent
The dome of Heaven's high temple, crying loudly :
“ Go, prophesy the downfall of Damascus !
“ Her sins are scarlet, and they cry aloud
“ In blasphemy ! — her day of doom is come.
“ Wo to Damascus ! wo to the head of Syria ! ”

[*Raving.*]

Merciful Heaven, suspend this retribution !
Hold thou death-angel ! take *another* bolt,
That will bring *madness* ! Let me not go mad !
I would not die in madness ! —

Euph.

Oh, my daughter !

Ath. My mind ! my mind ! Oh, the dull agony
Of this alternate glimmering and shadow,
That will not let me fix my unhinged thought !
Lie still thou fluttering traitress ! 'Tis *thy* fault ;
Thou'st gorged thyself with honeyed hopes so long,
Thou do'st rebel against these bitter drugs
Of wholesome sorrow and untasted anguish :
Despair is med'cine for thee — drink or die !

Euph. Oh, if thou lov'st thy father, talk not thus !

Ath. [*With forced calmness.*]

Is it not strange that reason should see madness
Tugging to reach her throne — and still more strange,
For consciousness to see the two at war,
Throttling for mastery, in their great death-struggle ?

[*Smiling unnaturally.*]

Thou see'st I yet can *think*, my dear, dear father !
Such is the power of my most strenuous *will*.
Now I will go and say my evening prayers,
And then to bed. Good night ! good night, dear father !

[*As she goes out.*]

Wo to Damascus ! wo !

[*Exit.*]

Euph. Good night ! good night ! may blessed messengers
Hold thee in peaceful slumbers — and the morn
That finds Damascus free, awake thy smile
To greet her unexpected happiness ! —

Enter LUCRETIVS.

How now, Lucretius ! welcome.

Luc. *Euphron !*

Thou'st done a mighty wrong to Syria,
And now thou givest a welcome to a man,
Who comes to rate thy folly.

Euph. How is this ?

Luc. Hast thou not sold thy country for a bribe ?

Euph. Never !

Luc. Betrayed it ?

Euph. On my soul I have not !

Luc. Where is our General, Caloüs ?

Euph. Revolted.

Luc. And why has he revolted ? — tell me that.

Euph. Go ask the people.

Luc. Ask the people ! — Traitor !

Euph. 'Tis well for thee, that midst the public wo,
The railer has the privilege to fret,
Or I would have thee whipt for insolence !

Luc. Poor fool ! thou art beside thyself — thou know'st
'Twere more than thy bad life is worth, to do it.
Where is that wretched victim of injustice,

Whom I must call thy daughter ?

Euph. I prithee do not cut my heart in twain —
It is already sundered so, its parts
Divide with life and death. Thou canst not judge
A father's feelings, who hast had no child !
Lucretius, thou hast done me cruel wrong !
Yet I forgive thee, for thou art a man
Incapable of meditating evil.
I do entreat thee, wait awhile with patience.
Time will unravel all this mystery ;
And thou wilt turn thy curses into blessings ;
The people, too, will bless me !

Luc. They are mad :
Too late they find the folly of their course,
In being led so blindly ; and they rave
In bitterness of heart, against the Senate.
Manlius, whom you so wickedly have raised,
Already have they sacrificed.

Euph. Indeed !

Luc. Indeed ! in *very* deed ; art thou the Prefect,
And still art ignorant of what is doing ?
Go to the market-place, and see the ruin
Which twenty thousand furious men have wrought
Within an hour — the Arab need not come ;
Despair and rage are enemies enough
To crush a hundred cities like Damascus.
Tell me, where is Athenia ?

Euph. Just now retired,
Heart-sick, and laden with excessive sorrow ;
She would not be disturbed.

Luc. I did intend
To proffer comfort to her — yet, alas !
What solace could I offer ?

Euph. None, whatever.
If she be spared another day, there's hope. —

Luc. What hope ?

Euph. The Imperial army —

Luc. What of it ?

Euph. It will be here to-morrow.

Luc. Mockery !

Euph. As surely as the sun will rise to-morrow,
Werdan will bring relief.

Luc. How know'st thou this ?

Euph. I had a message from him yesterday.

Luc. I fear 'twill be too late.

Euph. Pray heaven, it be not !

Luc. Alas, the indignation of the people
Will leave but little to be saved to-morrow.

Euph. Go, hie thee to them, good Lucretius !
Tell them the tidings, and perchance it may
Turn the dark current backward.

Luc. 'Twere in vain !
Thou might'st as well roll back the troublous tide
Of swoll'n Euphrates. Why did'st thou keep secret,

The news that might have staid its course at once ?

Euph. Reasons of state did prompt me.

Luc. I will do

Thy bidding ; but I fear it is too late.

Come, go with me — perchance thy countenance

May more avail than mine. Let us away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A public square in Damascus. Shouts and disturbance around.

Enter EUPHRON and LUCRETIVS.

Luc. What dost thou think of't now ?

Euph. 'Tis terrible.

Luc. They've razed St. Michael's temple to the ground
With sacrilegious violence. Look you there !
How the dark torrent swells and heaves along,
Like to the thundering avalanche, that swings
Its ponderous mass from Lebanon, uptearing
Gigantic rocks, and forests of huge cedars,
Crowding them into ruin. Look you there !
How like the very spirit of the blast,
Yon towering form of female majesty
Bears herself onward. See, they follow her !
She sways their thousands as a single one,
And that an infant ! Look ! they come this way !

Marked ye that ! marked ye that ! St. Paul, it is Athenia !

Euph. Now all the saints support me, if't be she ?

Luc. See ? she comes this way, the people following.
Let us stand by, and mark what she is doing.
She looks the priestess of the oracle.

Enter ATHENIA, followed by a crowd of people.

Ath. Wo to Damascus ! wo to the head of Syria !

Euph. [*Rushing forward.*] Athenia ! oh, my daughter !
Why are you here, exposed to this rude fury ?

Citizens. Down with the traitor Euphron, he has deceived
the people — kill him ! kill him ! kill him !

Ath. Kill him ! he is my father ! back, murderers, back !

Citizens. He is Athenia's father — do not hurt him : —
Athenia feeds the poor — let go her father,
But let us kill Lucretius !

Ath. In God's great name, I do command forbearance !
There's blood enough upon your hands already.
Repent, repent ! the doom of wrath awaits ye !
Wo to Damascus ! wo to the head of Syria !

Citizens. Wo to the tyrants who deceive the people !

Luc. Stay this discordant tumult for a season !

Citizens. Wo to the tyrants who deceive the people !

Ath. Wo to Damascus ! wo to the head of Syria !

Euph. Good people, hear me ! 'tis your good I seek !

Citizens. No ! no ! no ! no ! Let us hear Lucretius.

Luc. Then listen to me, most abused, good people,

Citizens. Let us hear Lucretius! —speak to us, Lucretius!

Luc. Why do ye riot in your frenzy thus?

Already have ye slain your General;
Already have ye razed our sacred altars;
And spread such desolation, that our foes
Would stand aghast, should they possess the city,
To find their own work done. Is it despair
That drives you to this fury? Hear me, then;
The imperial army will be here to-morrow.

Citizens. Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Luc. Yes, fellow-citizens, another day
Will see Damascus free. Werdan has sent
A messenger to tell you to have hope.

Citizens. Huzza! huzza! huzza! Lead us to battle!

Luc. Alas! there is no General to lead you.
But in the name of all ye love and worship,
I pray ye to disperse, or ruin waits you!

Ath. Wo to Damascus! wo to the head of Syria!

Luc. Peace, frantic maiden! Fellow-citizens,
I pray you now disperse — If by to-morrow,
The imperial army do not succour you,
Wreak on Lucretius' head your ample vengeance.
Will ye disperse, I say?

Citizens. We will! we will! come let us all away!

Luc. Thanks for this spirit! let us be united,
And Syria yet is free!

[*The people disperse and exeunt.*]

*In the meanwhile Athenia stands abstractedly, her hands crossed
on her bosom, with her eyes fixed upward.*

Euph. Athenia !

Ath. Who is it calls the wretch, whose name I bear ?

Euph. Thy father, my loved child, thy father.

Ath. Well !

Euph. If thou hast any love for Caloüs —
Or reverence for me, I do entreat thee —

Ath. [*As if waking.*]

Oh misery ! another day of misery !
Why have I waked to count the tedious moments
Of one more day of horror !

[Looking surprised at Euphron.

Oh memory ! — my father ! oh my father !

[Bursting into tears, and throwing herself on his neck.

Euph. Blest image of thy sainted mother, come
Repose with me thy sorrows. There is hope.
And peace, and joy, in store for thee, my child.
Come thou poor stricken fawn — come to my heart —
A father's love shall cherish thee, my child —
A father's love shall wipe away thy tears,
And still thy troubled spirit — thank thee, heaven !

Ath. Oh father, there is comfort in these tears !
Why are we here, my father ? Good Lucretius !
Let us go home — the evening air is cold —
I have been dreaming sadly, — see ! 'tis late, —
The pale moon shining o'er the orchard trees,

Lists to the cricket's hymn. Let us go home —
I'm very dull in spirits, my dear father !
But I will tell thee as we walk along,
Strange things, revealed to me, in heavy slumber,
More unimaginable and sublime,
Than the Apocalypse — if it be not sin
To say so. — Come my father — good Lucretius !

[*Exeunt.*

(*End of Act IV.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Outside the walls of Damascus. — The bell tolls twelve.

Enter CALOUS, in chains.

Cal. [*Speaking to Abdallah at the side.*]

Wait thee awhile ; the gate is here, hard by —
I must see all things ready.

[*Approaching the secret gate.*

The Prefect must be here, — it was agreed,
At twelve o'clock precisely. Hush ! Who 's there ?

*A bolt draws slowly and a door opens in the wall which
entirely concealed it.*

Enter through the door EUPHRON muffled.

Euph. [*Discovering Calous.*] Calous ! —
Now this is well ; — where are your new-born friends ?

Cal. Hush ! they are here, close by.

Euph. Then it is finished ! —
O, noble youth ! thou hast indeed deserved
Thy country's admiration, and Athenia.

Caloüs, thy conduct has amazed the people,
 As well it might, — and heaped such curses on us,
 (For I am a partaker of their hatred,)
 As never men received. I almost fear
 Our project has o'erleaped itself and failed ;
 For riot has been ruling in our city,
 O'erswaying public order. Yesterday,
 The mob demolished all our granaries,
 To satisfy their fury, and tore down
 St. Michael's tower. We've had a fearful time !

Cal. Oh melancholy presage ! Poor Damascus ! —
 How is Athenia ?

Euph. Speak not of her now.
 Away with all despondency, — and turn
 Thy sad presages into rainbow hopes.
 I will away and tell Athenia all.
 'Tis time the imperial army were in hearing.

Cal. Do'st know that Kaled with one half his army
 Has gone to give them battle ?

Euph. You surprise me !

Cal. 'Tis true ; — and on the event, all things depend.
 Werdan has twice the force that Kaled has.
 Retire within the city — there is hope.
 Draw up our forces in a solid phalanx
 Within St. Michael's square : — should ill betide,
 I'll cut my way to meet them. Fare thee well !

Euph. Farewell! I'll have all ready — now God speed thee!
[*Enters the gate.*

Cal. Now then, Abdallah, follow!

Enter ABDALLAH, with soldiers.

Abd. Thou art faithful!

Strike off his chains; — henceforth we will be friends!

Cal. This way!

[*They enter the gate, and the scene closes.*

SCENE II.

A street within the city. — Enter ABDALLAH and CALOUS with soldiers.

Abd. Now is Damascus ours: — I thank thee, Allah!
That thou hast granted me a bloodless triumph.
Without thy aid through him, this goodly place
Had swam with Christian blood; — far better thus.

Enter a Saracen soldier in haste.

Why this haste?

Sold. Peace to the Prophet's friend!

Kaled returns victorious?

Abd. Thanks, again!

Here is a double glory for our arms.

Sold. The army of Heraclius is routed,

Their General slain.

Cal. [*Aside.*] Then are we lost, indeed !

[*Shouts and screams heard without.*]

Now God direct my efforts !

[*Springing at ABDALLAH suddenly, CALOUS
wrests his scimitar from his hand.*]

Damascus ! I am with thee, once again,

To save thee, or to perish !

Abd. Strike down the traitor ! — Treason !

[*The Saracens spring forward, but CALOUS cuts
his way through them, and exit.*]

Follow him to the death !

[*Several chase after him.*]

Now curse this credulous heart for trusting him !

Enter KALED.

Welcome, thou sword of God ! by Allah, welcome !

Kaled ! we've gained Damascus but to lose it,

Unless thy valiant arm restore the day !

Kaled. How now, Abdallah ! why this great turmoil ?

I come to bring thee news of victory ;

Ay, victory, Abdallah ! conquest too !

The imperial army we have hewn in pieces ;

A hundred thousand Christians are destroyed,

Save the poor remnant that escaped to carry

Their miserable narrative to Corinth.

[*Sarcastically.*] And thou hast won the city in my absence !

Abd. Caloüs betrayed it to us.

Kaled. Fool ! 'twas *thou*
That wast betrayed ; — nay, I have heard it all.
So much for thy great generalship, Abdallah !
Know, then, I've stormed the western gate, even now
While thou wast fooling with that Christian dog.
Dera is making havoc like a wolf
That's broke into a fold. Onward, and join him !
I'll hunt this Caloüs, wer't but for his head
To wear upon my spear, when I return
Triumphant to the Caliph.

Abd. I have done wrong —
But Abubekir may forgive the offence.

Kaled. This is no time for grief ; — truce to complaining.
Abdallah ! I forgive thee, in the joy
That vanquishes my bosom. Thou hast gained
Merit for good intention. On to battle !
Paradise ! Paradise !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A street in Damascus : — Greek soldiers flying. CALOUS rallying them.

Cal. Stand ! as ye value life ! for God's sake, stand !
What ! shall the glitter of a thousand moons

Strike madness on your reason? Hear me, soldiers!
 Death gapes for your whole city — there he stands
 With appetite insatiate as your fears;
 A moment, and 'tis lost — a chance remains;
 Look how they hem us in! by Christ's own blood,
 Let not my heart burst with this base confusion!
 We must break through a legion of steel men
 To ransom the lost city — save your daughters!
 Look at me, soldiers! I am yet your General!
 True as this steel, dark with the foeman's gore: —
 Or shall I go alone? — Ignoble slaves!

Soldiers. Lead us on! lead us on! Caloüs and victory!

Cal. Oh, now ye feel the blood of all your sires
 Tingling, as true blood should! — Grasp your bright blades
 Once more — brace every sinew, soldiers! but once more!
 And strike for liberty! [*Exit.*

Soldiers follow, shouting.

SCENE IV.

St. Michael's square. — Enter KALED.

Kaled. Now, by the tomb of Mecca, these foul dogs
 Are fang'd like desert lions. — My good blade
 Has drunk more life than a Sirocco blast,
 Yet still it thirsteth. Let me breathe awhile.

Enter CALOUS.

Ha ! Infidel, — I have thee, then, at last !

Bow to the Prophet ! or, I'll cleave thy skull

Which better had been turbaned. Yield thee, slave !

Cal. Bow to the Cross, proud Moslem ! thou shalt find,
In this dark moment of necessity,

How faint a light imposture yields its vassals !

Kaled. Have at thee, Christian dog !

[*They fight, and exeunt fighting. CALOUS driving
KALED, — while an alarm is heard, with the cry
of "The standard, KALED ! the standard ! rescue !
rescue !"*

Enter EUPHRON and LUCRETIVS.

Euph. This is the place ; our friends are gathering fast ;
The square is thronged with most determined men :
I never knew their spirit till this hour.

[*Sounds of battle.*

See there, Lucretius ! how the battle rages !

Look how those two in front flash at each other !

That Saracen is Kaled, by my life !

Look there ! he's down, he's down ! victory ! victory !

Gods ! what a blow was that the hero gave him !

By Mars ! it is the noble Caloüs !

Caloüs returned ! *he never has revolted !*

Thou art no traitor ! Onward, Caloüs !

Damascus yet is free ! join him, Lucretius !

Keep thy sword hot, my friend !

[*Exit Lucretius.*]

Enter a Messenger.

How now, what news ?

Mes. Our friends are every where victorious ;
Kaled is dead, — and by the eastern gate,
Where Dera bears the hottest of the fight,
Our arms are doing prodigies of valour !

Euph. This is, indeed, most glorious — tell me, now,
If thou canst tell, aught that concerns my daughter ; —
I've searched even pented avenues to find her,
And all in vain.

Mes. I heard a soldier say,
Who brought despatches from the western tower,
That she was in the thickest of the fight,
Like to an Amazonian maid, and leading
The common people bravely in the war,
And with an energy that ne'er before
Was heard of among women.

Euph. Oh, Athenia !
This last blow was too much. Could I undo
The tangle in this thread of misery,
And make it straight again, I'd give up life,
With its immortal hopes, to save my daughter.
Oh, I must save my lost Athenia,
Or perish in the effort !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

By the Western Tower.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter DERA and CALOUS, fighting. They make several turns, and CALOUS drives him out.

Enter ATHENIA, armed with a short sword.

Ath. Oh, my lost country — wretched, fallen Damascus !
How art thou set a mark for every shaft
That wings misfortune's quiver ! Now, could I
Find out that monster, Kaled, this right arm,
Nerved by thy power, holy Omnipotence !
Would search the tyrant's heart, with this good blade,
And liberate my country. Caloüs ! Caloüs !
Oh, what a chance was lost of being great,
When thou didst play the traitor to our hopes,
And sell thy wretched country !

Enter CALOUS almost breathless.

Cal.

Oh Athenia !

Armed !

Ath. Robber ! thou'st stol'n th' habiliments of war
To sanctify thy murders ! hence, and leave me !

Cal. Hast thou not seen thy father, my Athenia !
Has he not told thee of the sacrifice ?

I am thy friend, Athenia ! thy own
True-hearted Caloüs !

Ath. *Thou, my Caloüs ?*

'Tis false, perfidious varlet ! he, so named,
Was noble, generous ; selfishness, in vain
Searched his great heart to find companionship.
But thou ! — there's not a reptile which the sun
Engenders on the slimy banks of Nile,
That is not nobler than thy hateful self ;
Hence, recreant, hence ! I loathe thee !

Cal. What dire distemper so misshapes the truth !
Look on me, dear Athenia, 'tis the same
True heart that loved thee well, and still loves.
Merciful heaven !

Ath. Call not on heaven, thou traitor !
Hast thou not sacrificed thy plighted faith ;
Hast thou not play'd a coward's part ? — nay, start not :
Hast thou not sold thy country, for the sake
Of wreaking thy poor vengeance ?

Cal. No, by heaven !

Ath. Infamous liar ! away, I will not hear thee !

Cal. Oh my own love ! most truly I forgive
This transport that thy ignorance has kindled !
Time will explain, Athenia ; — thy father
Will tell thee, my Athenia ! I am true.
Nay, turn not thus away thine angel face,
Thou shalt not leave me thus ; — nay frown not on me !

For I do claim thee my affianced bride,
And hold thee to my panting bosom, thus !

[*Embracing her.*

Ath. Die, then, perfidious traitor ! for a bride
Take to thy bosom this true steel,—it loves thee !

[*Stabs him — Caloüs falls.*

Now, hush thy thunder !

Cal. Athenia, I forgive thee — it is just —
I loved thee — worshipped thee — thou didst predict —
Farewell ! — [*Dies.*

Enter EUPHRON.

Euph. My daughter ! joy to thee ! joy to Damascus !
Kaled is dead !

Ath. Now, then, just heaven, I thank thee !

Euph. [*Discovering the body.*
How, Caloüs slain ! — oh terrible decree —
Who has done this ?

Ath. Thy daughter.

Euph. Thou, Athenia !

Ath. Was't not done nobly ? Brutus, in old Rome,
Saw with prophetic eye this glorious deed,
And emulating my self-sacrifice,
Slew his own son for justice !

Euph. Oh most cruel,
Mad and misguided girl, how couldst thou do it !

Ath. Wouldst thou have had the daughter of thy blood
 Contaminated by the foul embrace
 Of a vile traitor? I had shunn'd him, father;
 But he pursued me, and though spurn'd, abhorr'd,
 He caught me as the serpent the high priest
 Laocoön; and in his hateful fold,
 Claimed me as his affianced! 'twas too much!
 Father, the spirits of a hundred sires
 Hissed me to very madness — and Damascus
 Howl'd in my ears, Revenge! — the voice of God
 Burst over me in thunder — and I slew him!

Euph. 'Twas a rash deed! — oh, had I trusted heaven,
 Caloüs had lived to bless thee!

Enter LUCRETIVS.

Look, Lucretius!

See how the blood of Syria stains the ground.
 Caloüs is slain — Athenia is a murderess!

Luc. Mysterious providence!

Euphron, I come the herald of Despair!

Euph. What new calamity?

Luc. Werdan is dead!

The imperial army routed — and the foe
 Are masters of the city!

Euph. Then 'tis finished; —

There is no other step to misery! —

Athenia! it was wrong to hide from thee,

The clue to this great labyrinth of woes ;
But we have trusted in our own weak power,
And heaven, that saw our great impurity,
Has left our weak designs to work us ill !
'Twas I who urged on Caloüs to the deed,
That heaven has stampt with dire disapprobation !

Ath. Oh, misery ! —

Euph. Patience ! for the tale, though sad,
Is quickly told.

Ath. Ah, wo is me !

Euph. Famine,
As well ye know, had joined the foe to crush us.
Exhausted, spiritless, and destitute,
Our people grew licentious in their rage,
And hatched rebellion. In this trying hour,
Kaled, who knew our weakness, had resolved
On one great effort — one decisive blow —
And yesterday, Damascus was to have fallen.
In vain had we despatched our messengers
To Corinth ; till at last, but yesterday,
An arrow thrown o'er the wall, brought us intelligence
From Werdan, that his army would be here
This hour ! — Thou dost turn pale, Athenia !

Ath. Go on !

Euph. The message intimated stratagem.
There was presented the alternative
Of falling, or of practising deceit ;

Expediency pointed out the last.

An instrument was wanting, and I chose —

Ath. Oh no, thou could'st not do it — say not, father,
Say not 'twas Caloüs !

Luc.

Oh, wond'rous strange !

Euph. At first his generous nature did oppose
The action, as unworthy — but I urged,
(Pardon me, dearest daughter, for the truth,) Thy unprotected innocence, — his love —
And he at last consented.

Ath. [*Turning to the body.*] Murdered innocent !

Euph. Damascus was betrayed but seemingly —
Th' imperial army, at this very hour,
Was to have turned the sighs of this sad city
To shouts of triumph — and the rich reward
For such a noble deed, — thy hand, Athenia !

Ath. Where are thy lightnings — heaven !

Euph. [*Turning to the body.*] Oh, noble nature !
How hast thou been requited for thy love !

Ath. Father ! thou'st done a deed to damn thee ever !
It was not *I* — 'twas *thou* that slew my Caloüs !
Where sleeps the thunder ? vengeance, thou art dead.
Strike at the murderer ! there ! have at him ! there !
Not *him* — not *him* ! it was not he that did it !
Rather strike here ! — oh, my own murdered husband !

[*Throws herself on his body.*]

A flourish of trumpets. — ABDALLAH and DERA enter on both sides with soldiers, and fill the stage.

Dera. Here is the Prefect — yield thy neck, base Christian!

Abd. [*Rushing forward.*] Stand back! by great Mohammed, stay thine arm!

I am thy General, now — I do command thee! —

Damascus is our own — no more of blood!

[*LUCRETIUS and EUPHRON support ATHENIA, who partly rises.*

Ath. The day of doom is come! oh, horror! horror!
How the sea waves with blood, and the red torrent
Surges and heaves with life and death commingling!
The graves give up their dead — and shrouded skeletons
Scream midst the desolation! hush — sh — hush — sh —
Hark! how the damned are wailing — I'll not hear them!

Euph. [*Endeavouring to raise her.*] Athenia!

Ath. Let us alone! let us alone! death shall not part us thus.

They have deceived us, Caloüs! thou art mine!

Death shall not part the faithful!

Euph. Oh, my daughter!

Ath. [*Rising.*] Look! how the heavens open! oh, how deep!

How bright! how bright! the angels, oh, the angels!

Hark, how they sing! oh, rapturous harmony!

See how they bear him up upon their wings,

And circle him with glory ! — stay ! oh, stay !
Blest seraphim ! — Athenia would go with you !

[Her head droops, and she falls.]

[Raising herself, with a smile, looking upward.]

Father ! receive my spirit !

[Dies.]

They bend mournfully around her, while the curtain falls.

LANCASTER.

LANCASTER.

THE queen of May has bound her virgin brow,
And hung with blossoms every fruit-tree bough ;
The sweet Southwest, among the early flowers,
Whispers the coming of delighted hours,
While birds within the heaping foliage, sing
Their music-welcome to returning Spring.

Oh, Nature ! loveliest in thy green attire —
Dear mother of the passion-kindling lyre ;
Thou, who in early days, upled'st me where
The mountains freeze above the Summer air ;
Or lured'st my wandering way beside the streams,
To watch the bubbles as they mocked my dreams,
Lead me again thy flowery paths among,
To sing of native scenes as yet unsung !

Dear Lancaster ! thy fond remembrance brings
Thoughts, like the music of Æolian strings,
When the hushed wind breathes only as it sleeps,
While tearful Love his anxious vigil keeps :—
When pressed with grief, or sated with the show,
That Pleasure's pageant offers here below,
Midst scenes of heartless mirth or joyless glee,
How oft my aching heart has turned to thee,
And lived again, in memory's sweet recess,
The innocence of youthful happiness !

In life's dull dream, when want of sordid gain
Clings to our being with its cankering chain,
When lofty thoughts are cramped to stoop below
The vile, rank weeds that in their pathway grow,
Who would not turn amidst the darkened scene,
To memoried spots where sunbeams intervene ;
And dwell with fondness on the joyous hours,
When youth built up his pleasure-dome of flowers ?

Now, while the music of the feathered choir
Rings where the sheltering blossoms wake desire,
When dew-eyed Love looks tenderness, and speaks
A silent language with his mantling cheeks ;
I think of those delicious moments past,
Which joyless age shall dream of to the last ;
As now, though far removed, the Muse would tell,
Though few may listen, what she loved so well.

Dear hours of childhood, youth's propitious spring,
When Time fanned only roses with his wing,
When dreams, that mock reality, could move
To yield an endless holiday to Love,
How do ye crowd upon my fevered brain,
And in imagination, live again !

Lo ! I am with you now, the sloping green,
Of many a sunny hill is freshly seen ;
Once more the purple clover bends to meet,
And shower the dew drops on their pilgrim's feet ;
Once more he breathes the fragrance of your fields,
Once more the orchard tree its harvest yields,
Again he hails the morning from your hills,
And drinks the cooling water of your rills,
While with a heart subdued, he feels the power
Of every humble shrub and modest flower.

Oh thou who journeyest through that Eden clime,
Winding thy devious way to cheat the time,
Delightful Nashaway ! beside thy stream,
Fain would I paint thy beauties as they gleam.
Eccentric river ! poet of the woods !
Where, in thy far secluded solitudes,
The wood-nymphs sport and naiads splash thy wave,
With charms more sweet than ever fancy gave ;
How oft with Mantua's bard, from school let free,
I've conn'd the silver lines that flow like thee,

Couch'd on thy emerald banks, at full length laid,
Where classic elms grew lavish of their shade,
Or indolently listened, while the throng
Of idler beings woke their Summer song ;
Or with rude angling gear, outwatched the Sun,
Comparing mine, to deeds by Walton done.

Far down the silent stream, where arching trees
Bend their green boughs so gently to the breeze,
One live, broad mass of molten crystal lies,
Clasping the mirrored beauties of the skies !
Look, how the sunshine breaks upon the plains !
So the deep blush their flattered glory stains.

Romantic river ! on thy quiet breast,
While flashed the salmon with his lightning crest,
Not long ago, the Indian's thin canoe
Skimmed lightly as the shadow which it threw ;
Not long ago, beside thy banks of green,
The night-fire blazed and spread its dismal sheen.

Thou peaceful Valley ! when I think how fair
Thy various beauty shines, beyond compare,
I cannot choose but own the Power that gave
Amidst thy woes a helping hand to save,
When o'er thy hills the savage war-whoop came,
And desolation raised its funeral flame !

'Tis night ! the stars are kindled in the sky,
And hunger wakes the famished she-wolf's cry,
While o'er the crusted snow, the careful tread
Betrays the heart whose pulses throb with dread ;
Yon flickering light, kind beacon of repose !
The weary wanderer's homely dwelling shows,
Where by the blazing fire, his bosom's joy,
Holds to her heart a slumbering infant boy ;
While every sound her anxious bosom moves,
She starts and listens for the one she loves ; —
Hark ! was 't the night-bird's cry that met her ear,
Curdling the blood that thickens with cold fear ! —
"Again, oh God ! that voice, — 'tis his ! 'tis his !"
She hears the death-shriek and the arrow's whiz,
When as she turns, she sees the bursting door
Roll her dead husband bleeding on the floor.

Loud as the burst of sudden thunder, rose
The mad'ning war-cry of the ambushed foes ;
Startling in sleep, the dreamless infant wakes,
Like morning's smile when daylight's slumber breaks ;
"For mercy ! spare my child, forbear the blow !"
In vain ; — the warm blood crimsons on the snow.

O'er the cold earth the captive mother sighs,
Her ears still tortured by her infant's cries ;
She cannot weep, but deep resolve, unmoved,
Plots vengeance for the victims so beloved ;

Lo! by their fire, the gluttoned warriors lie,
Locked in the deathsleep of ebriety,
When from her bed of snow, whence slumber flew,
The frenzied woman rose the deed to do;—
Firmly beside the senseless men of blood,
With vengeful arm, the wretched mother stood;
She hears her groaning, dying lord expire,
Her woman's heart nerves up with mad'ning fire;
She sees her infant dashed against the tree,—
'Tis done!—the red men sleep eternally.

Such were thy wrongs, sweet Lancaster! but now,
No spot so peaceful and serene as thou;
Thy hills and fields in chequered richness stand,
The glory and the beauty of the land.

From calm repose, while glowed the eastern sky,
And the fresh breeze went fraught with fragrance by,
Waked by the noisy woodbird free from care,
What joy was mine to drink the morning air!
Not all the bliss maturer life can bring,
When ripened manhood soars with strengthened wing,—
Not all the rapture fancy ever wove,
Nor less than that which springs from mutual love,
Could challenge mine, when to the ravished sense,
The sunrise painted God's magnificence!
George-hill, thou pride of Nashaway, for thee,—
Thyself the garden of fertility,—

Nature has hung a picture to the eye,
Where Beauty smiles at sombre Majesty.
The river winding in its course below,
Through fertile fields where yellowing harvests grow,
The bowering elms that so majestic grew,
A green arcade for waves to wander through ;
The deep broad valley, where the new mown hay
Loads the fresh breezes of the rising day,
And, distant far, Wachusett's towering height,
Blue in the ling'ring shadows of the night,
Have power to move the sternest heart to love,
That Nature's loveliness could ever move.

Ye who can slumber when the starlight fades,
And clouds break purpling through the eastern shades,
Whose care-worn spirits cannot wake at morn,
To lead your buoyant footsteps o'er the lawn,
Can never know what joy the ravished sense,
Feels in that moment's sacred influence.
I will not ask the meed of fortune's smile,
The flatterer's praise that masks his heart of guile,
So I can walk beneath the ample sky,
And hear the bird's discordant melody,
And see reviving Spring, and Summer's gloom,
And Autumn bending o'er his icy tomb,
And hoary Winter pile his snowy drifts ;
For these to me are Fortune's highest gifts ;

And I have found in poor neglected flowers,
Companionship for many weary hours ;
And high above the mountain's crest of snow,
Communed with storm-clouds in their wrath below ;
And where the vault of heaven, from some vast height
Grew black, as fell the shadows of the night,
Where the stars seem to come to you, I've wooed
The grandeur of the fearful solitude.
From such communion, feelings often rise,
To guard the heart midst life's perplexities,
Lighting a heaven within, whose deep felt joy
Compensates well, for Sorrow's dark alloy.
Then, though the worldly chide, and wealth deny,
And passion conquer where it fain would fly,
Though friends you love betray, while these are left,
The heart can never wholly be bereft.

Hard by yon giant elm, whose branches spread
A rustling robe of leaves above your head ;
Where weary travellers, from noonday heat,
Beneath the hospitable shade retreat,
The school-house met the stranger's busy eye,
Who turned to gaze again, he knew not why.
Thrice lovely spot ! where, in the classic spring,
My young ambition dipped her fevered wing,
And drank unseen the vision and the fire
That break with quenchless glory from the lyre !

Amidst thy wealth of Art, fair Italy !
While Genius warms beneath thy cloudless sky,
As o'er the waking marble's polished mould,
The Sculptor breathes Pygmalion's prayer of old,
His heart shall send a frequent sigh to rove,
A pilgrim to the birthplace of his love !

And can I e'er forget the hallowed spot,
Whence springs a charm that may not be forgot ;
Where in a grove of elm and sycamore,
The Pastor showed his hospitable door,
And kindness shone so constantly to bless
That sweet abode of peace and happiness ?

The oaken bucket — where I stooped to drink
The crystal water, trembling at the brink,
Which through the solid rock in coldness flowed,
While creaked the pond'rous lever with its load ;
The dairy — where so many moments flew,
With half the dainties of the soil in view ;
Where the broad pans spread out the milk-maid's care,
To feed the busy churn that laboured there ;
The garden — where such neatness met the eye,
A stranger could not pass unheeding by ;
The orchard — and the yellow-mantled fields,
Each in its turn some dear remembrance yields.

Ye who can mingle with the glittering crowd,
Where Mammon struts in rival splendour proud ;
Who pass your days in heartless fashion's round,
And bow with hatred, where ye fear to wound ;
Away ! no flatterer's voice, nor coward's sneer,
Can find a welcome, or an altar here.
But ye who look beyond the common ken,
Self-unexalted when ye judge of men,
Who, conscious of defects, can hurry by
Faults that lay claim upon your charity ;
Who feel that thrilling vision of the soul,
Which looks through faith beyond an earthly goal,
And will not yet refuse the homely care,
Which every being shares, or ought to share ;
Approach ! the home of Goodness is your own,
And such as ye are worthy, such alone.

When Silence hung upon the Sabbath's smile,
And noiseless footsteps paced the sacred aisle,
When hearts united woke the suppliant lay,
And happy faces blessed the holy day ;
Oh Nature ! could thy worshipper have owned
Such joy, as then upon his bosom throned ;
When feelings, even as the printless snow,
Were harmless, guileless as a child can know ;
Or, if they swerved from right, were pliant still,
To follow Virtue from the path of ill ?

No ! when the morning's old, the mist will rise
To cloud the fairest vision of our eyes ;
As hopes too brightly formed in rainbow dyes,
A moment charm — then vanish in the skies !

Sweet hour of holy rest, to mortals given,
To paint with love the fairest way to Heaven ;
When from the sacred book instruction came
With fervid eloquence and kindling flame.
No mystic rites were there ; to God alone,
Went up the grateful heart before his throne,
While solemn anthems from the organ poured
Thanksgiving to the high and only Lord.

Lo ! where yon cottage whitens through the green,
The loveliest feature of a matchless scene ;
Beneath its shading elm, with pious fear,
An aged mother draws her children near ;
While from the Holy Word with earnest air,
She teaches them the privilege of prayer.
Look ! how their infant eyes with rapture speak ;
Mark the flushed lily on the dimpled cheek,
Their hearts are filled with gratitude and love,
Their hopes are centred in a world above,
Where in a choir of angels, faith portrays
The loved, departed father of their days.

Beside yon grassless mound, a mourner kneels,
There gush no tears to sooth the pang he feels ;
His loved, his lost, lies confined in the sod,
Whose soul has found a dwelling-place with God !
Though pressed with anguish, mild religion shows
His aching heart a balm for all its woes ;
And hope smiles upward, where his love shall find
A union in eternity of mind !

Turn there your eyes, ye cold, malignant crew,
Whose vile ambition dims your reason's view,
Ye faithless ones, who preach religion vain,
And childlike, chase the phantoms of your brain ;
Think not to crush the heart whose truth has sealed
Its confidence in heavenly love revealed.
Let not the atheist deem that Fate decrees
The lot of man to misery or ease,
While to the contrite spirit, faith is given,
To find a hope on earth, a rest in Heaven.

Unrivalled Nashaway ! where the willows throw
Their frosted beauty on thy path below,
Beneath the verdant drapery of the trees,
Luxuriant Fancy woos the sighing breeze.
The redbreast singing where the fruit-tree weaves
Its silken canopy of mulb'ry leaves ;
Enamelled fields of green, where herding kine
Crop the wet grass, or in the shade recline ;

The tapping woodbird, and the minstrel bee,
The squirrel racing on his moss-grown tree,
With crowds of pleasant dreams, demand in vain
Creative thought to give them life again.

I turn where glancing down, the eye surveys
Art building up the wreck of other days ;
For graves of silent tribes upheave the sod,
And Science smiles where savage Philip trod ;
Where winged the poisoned shaft along the skies,
The hammer rings, the noisy shuttle flies ;
Impervious forests bow before the blade,
And fields rise up in yellow robes arrayed.
No lordly palace nor imperial seat,
Grasps the glad soil where freemen plant their feet ;
No ruined castle here, with ivy waves,
To make us blush for ancestry of slaves ;
But lo ! unnumbered dwellings meet the eye,
Where men lie down in native majesty :
The morning birds spring from their leafy bed,
As the stern ploughman quits his happy shed ;
His arm is steeled to toil — his heart to bear
The robe of pain, that mortals always wear ;
Though wealth may never come, a plenteous board
Smiles at the pampered rich man's joyless hoard ;
True, when among his sires, no gilded heir
Shall play the fool, and damn himself to care,

But Industry and Knowledge lead the way,
Where Independence braves the roughest day.

Nurse of my country's infancy, her stay
In youthful trials and in danger's day;
Diffusive Education ! 'tis to thee,
She owes her mountain-breath of Liberty ;
To thee she looks, through time's illusive gloom,
To light her path, and shield her from the tomb ;
Beneath thine Ægis, tyranny shall fail,
Before thy frown the traitor's heart shall quail ;
Ambitious foes to liberty may wear
A patriot mask, to compass what they dare,
And sting the thoughtless nation, while they smile
Benignantly and modestly the while ;
But thou shalt rend the virtuous-seeming guise,
And guard her from the worst of enemies.
Eternal power ! whose tempted thunder sleeps,
While heaven-eyed mercy turns away and weeps ;
Thou who didst lead our fathers where to send
Their free devotions to their God and friend ;
Thou who hast swept a wilderness away,
That men may walk in freedom's cloudless day ;
Guard well their trust, lest impious faction dare
Unlock the chain that binds our birthright fair ;
That private views to public good may yield,
And honest men stand fearless in the field !

Once more I turn to thee, fair Nashaway !
The farewell tribute of my humble lay ;
The time may come, when lofty notes shall bear
Thy peerless beauty to the gladdened air ;
Now, to the lyre no daring hand aspires,
And rust grows cankering on its tuneless wires.

Our lays are like the fitful streams that flow
From careless birds, that carol as they go ;
Content, beneath the mountain top to sing,
And only touch Castalia with a wing.

[1828.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

KATY-DID.

A FAIRY TALE.

I.

THE rainbow that hung o'er the dropping cloud
Has lost the colours that decked its fold ;
The sun is wrapped in his ocean shroud,
A mantle of green with an edge of gold ;
The foliage drops with dew and shower,
The lilies are silently bending low,
And the garden-rose, in her fragrant bower,
Rustles her leaves with a thrilling glow,
And dreams of the bee and her rifled treasure ;
'Tis the hour of dance and the minstrel's measure.

II.

There is music abroad, but it is not heard,
The stars are singing their vesper hymn,
There is melody breathing from every limb,
Where the fruit-tree shelters the slumb'ring bird ;
For the fairy-queen's heralds have called together
The sylphs and fays from their million spheres,
And every fairy the herald hears,
And hastens away over moss and heather,
To the garden of bliss and of maidens' tears.

III.

'Twas midsummer's eve, and the stars were dim,
For the fays had stolen their lamps away
To fill the moon, till her silver brim
Ran over with light, in their jocund play ;
And over the earth, wherever it went,
It spread like a smile upon beauty's lips,
When fancy-free, and no clouds eclipse
Her bosom's unmarbled firmament.
And heavenly sylphs from the milky way,
With spangled garments of snowy whiteness,
Flooded the skies with their brilliant eyes,
And dashed the moon with a clearer brightness.
For all of heaven and all of earth,
Of the holy sylphs and the potent fays,

Were called to revel with dance and mirth,
On midsummer's eve in the festal blaze.

IV.

With the glad hurra and the loud halloo,
They heard the whip-poor-will's evening cry,
And thousands were sporting with drops of dew,
They chased as they fell from the evening sky ;
Some dancing the rope which the spider threw
From bush to bush and from tree to tree,
Or riding the murmuring honey-bee :
For they stormed the hive where the workers slept,
In festoons from their waxen walls,
And laughed aloud as the queen-bee wept
At their mischievous pranks in her luscious halls ;
They sipped the sweets from her choicest cells,
And pilfered the bee-bread garnered there,
And when they had emptied the nectar wells,
They whipped the drones till their bones were bare ;
But they promised, before the morning's sun,
To make amends for the mischief done.

V.

Then one sprang up on the queen-bee's back,
And spurred her sides with a nettle sting,
And away she went with a bounding spring,
With a myriad tribe in her airy track,

Each with a fay and a honey sack.
'Twas a restless time to the weary bees,
And every insect that builds by day,
Whether it lived in the thick-leaved trees,
Or couched in the moss where the cold snake lay ;
For some ran down in the red ant's cave,
And beat their slaves and milk'd their kine,
Then rang'd themselves with their fair and brave,
And ate their viands and drank their wine ;
While many a jest rang out aloud,
About the giants that roam the earth,
Their certain death and their helpless birth. —
The red ant's palace was in a shroud !

VI.

Others have gathered a fragrant store
Of the damask rose, which they quickly bring
To the Teasel's dewy reservoir,
And with feathers brushed from the butterfly's wing,
They skim the atter that floats above,
Each drop a gift to a fairy love.
Some are decked out in Violet leaves,
Powdered all over with dust of Fern,
Their mantle the web which the spider weaves,
With batons they stole from the Lily's urn ;
And they march to the sound of the brown ant's drum,
Musquito's trumpet, and beetle's hum,

Rousing the leaves from their vesper fold,
And waking the slumbering Marygold.
Now the bat, from his hiding hole,
Wheels through the air on fluttering pinions,
The beetle soars from his laboured mole,
And Paddock calls, in drowsy dole,
That the fairy-queen comes to her earth's dominions.

VII.

And first, in garments of living green,
Like sea-weed heaving to reach the shore,
A numberless crowd of elves are seen,
On fire-flies riding, like knights of yore ;
Briar-stings were the spears they bore,
Their bridles the thatch of the silk-worm's shed,
Their fleecy plumes from the white-moth's wing,
And down they came where the moon-beam spread
Its shadowless light on a Violet bed,
Gayly around it hovering.

VIII.

“The queen ! the queen !” — and a band appeared
In courtly dresses of richest dyes ;
While a troop of fays on the moon-beam's neared,
Clad in a thousand fantasies :
Some in the Protea's golden leaves,

That waved and dashed like a flaming sea ;
Others were dressed from the Silver-tree,
Fastened with threads the silk-worm weaves ;
The Hyacinth came in a virgin dress,
The Jonquil brought her fragrant flower,
And sweet Narcissus, for the hour,
Gave up his mirrored loveliness.
The broad Carnation spread her leaf,
And Amyrillis, with a bell
Brim-full of fragrance, deigned to swell
The arbour of the fairy-chief.
A Nautilus shell was her palanquin,
And there the fair Titania sat,
Fairer than all who are formed to win,
And still unwon, to be wondered at ;
The car was lashed to a vampyre's back,
That was doomed to atone for a deed of blood,
To skim the air and to swim the flood,
And bear all day the sun-beam's rack,
To fly no more in the moon's free ray,
Till the crime of murder were washed away.

IX.

A humming-bird slept on a woodbine flower,
Drunk with the nectar it sipped all day,
And its heaving bosom had only power
To make its golden plumage play

Enough to dazzle an elf or fay.
But the Queen passed by in her robes of state,
And sent the Fire-fly on before,
For the woodbine crept by a miser's door,
Whose touch had blighted a leaf of late.
A sweetbriar grew by a lattice near,
Where oft a beautiful maiden sung ;
She had given away with virgin fear,
A budding branch no bee had stung ;
And many a lay had her poet sung,
And many a wish had he breathed to her ; —
The place was sacred to love forever ;
Though both grew cold in the world's chill stir,
And forced the links of their love to sever.

X.

By the fire-fly's light, where the insect flew,
Titania knew where her throne should be ;
'Twas where the Haliotis threw
Its sparkling rainbow-canopy.
And some brought honey for her to sip,
In cups where the bee had never flown,
With urns of dew for her royal lip,
Which even the shrimp had never known.
They broke the sleep of the Water-lilies,
For wealth of fragrance to please their queen ;

The Moss-rose and the Amyrillis,
Verbena and the Eglantine.

XI.

And merrily now had the dance begun
In circles of light on the close-cut green,
The grass blades each like a living sun,
Blending their lights in a brilliant sheen,
Like breaking waves in the setting sun,
Or golden clouds when the day is done :
And they moved like tints on the flowery sea
When a hurricane sweeps o'er a prairie.

XII.

Hark ! hark ! and the tingling blood
Suddenly startles the frightened fays,
And they rush to their queen in a wild amaze ;
For distant shrieks and fearful sounds —
Then stillness — and now a piercing cry,
An earthquake shudder of something nigh,
Unknown, yet felt in the pulse's bounds —
A dread like that which borders madness,
Far darker than the depths of sadness :
And why is this, that a sudden gleam
Throws into shade the moon's bright beam ?
There's a rush like the bending of ripen'd maize,
A sound like the wind in November days,

When the blast screams through the skeleton trees,
And the dry leaves whirl in the eddying breeze ;
There's a tramp of steeds in the forest near,
And this is the cause of the Elfin's fear ; —
Well may they fear, for a foe is come,
That moves to the beat of the muffled drum :
A band of spirits that hate the light,
And roam like the gouls to feast at night ;
To batten on food which the jaws of death,
When the blood dries up, have to reptiles left ;
To howl their delight when a good man errs,
And flatter the bad to their sepulchres.
They come like a cloud o'er a summer sky,
All mirth is hush'd, and the dance gone by ;
On a moccasin snake, which that day had stung
An infant, that slept while its mother sung,
Came the king of the spirits, and round him crowds
Decked out in shreds of dead men's shrouds,
In every ghastly shape that gleams,
Before the eye in fever-dreams,
And myriad others like vapour dense,
Or the atoms that form a pestilence.

XIII.

Full of amaze was the fairy queen —
But soon she rallied her princely mien,

And waving her sceptre around the throng,
The herald smote on the sounding gong,
And a million spears in a moment shone,
Like sunbeams all around her throne.

XIV.

“Why come ye here, unhallow’d crew ?
Have ye not enough in the world to do ?
Is there not enough of guilt in men ?
Why come ye here from your loathsome den ?
By the moonbeam’s ray, which ye dare eclipse,
By the light that spreads o’er woman’s lips,
By the ties of love, and the chain that binds
Innocent dreams in lover’s minds,
Begone ! unless a stain is found
On the ermine path of our fairy ground ;
If that is pure, abide our spell —
Away to your graves and your loathsome hell !”

XV.

They stood unmoved — when the king spake thus :
“Boast not, proud queen, midst a falling curse !
One of your fays has broken her vow,
And the blush may be seen on her visage now ;
She has roamed the earth, and is roaming still,
And fills a place it is ours to fill ;

What right has she to break young hearts ?
The merriest boon our caste imparts.
Yet even now one heart is breaking
Beneath her charms, all hope forsaking ;
We come to claim our right ; yield up
The syren with her charmed cup,
Or bid her cursed tribe forever
Cry Katy did, what fay did never.”
Titania turned to the clear cold sky,
And while a tear bedewed her eye,
With tones that grief could only break,
The test and malediction spake.
“By all the vows that e’er were spoken,
By all the vows that e’er were broken,
Let the guilty tribe to the green leaves fly,
And chaunt forever their summer cry,”

XVI.

In an instant the trees were filled with fays,
While the moon shone out with a brighter blaze,
And a cry burst forth the throng amid —
“Katy-did ! Katy-did ! Katy-did ! Katy-did !”

M A R G A R E T .

"She never told her love."

I KNEW an orphan girl, whose story tells
How often woman's heart with sorrow swells,
When, with devoted love she gives away
Her life-blood, drop by drop, in sure decay.
It is a simple story,—but to me,
Its truth comes home with sad reality.

She was a serving maid, whose duties were
To watch the children placed in trust with her,
And wait at table for her lady's call,
Within the breakfast room, or dining hall.

A maid of sixteen years, of twilight eyes,
Deep set and dark, and fringed with pencil dyes,

Her forehead not too high, where thick black hair,
Combed smooth and parted, showed the whiteness there ;
Her lips of changeless carmine, often parted
With dimpling smiles, when sweet sensation started
In thoughts so pure, an angel's self would choose them,
Robed in the blush that mantled from her bosom ;
Her form of rounded symmetry, where art
That makes so many beauties, bore no part ;
With mind untutored, yet so constituted,
She never spake amiss, nor e'er disputed ;
A girl like this, who would not love and cherish ?
Or having won her heart, could leave that heart to perish ?

But Margaret was not flattered : no fond youth
Had lisped the tale of love, or pledged his truth ;
Though many a sigh shook off the frequent tear,
That there was no *one* heart to her more dear ;
For woman's love grows up within her breast,
Long ere it find a place wherein to rest,
Like some poor wandering bird along the wave,
Whose shelter, often proves, alas ! its grave !

There was a youth within her dwelling place,
Her lady's son, a lad of manly grace ;
Whose eighteenth summer lit his eye with fire,
Fanned by his long devotion to the lyre ;
A youth with happy mien and thoughtful mood,
More prone to self-communing solitude,

Than noisy revels ; with a heart as free
From guileful deeds, as thoughts of treachery ;
His hopes, desires, all centred in one maid,
Who loved him as *he* loved, with whom he strayed
In blissful union, arm in arm along,
Where, from the trees, gushed out the robin's song ;
Talking of love — romantic, but sincere,
And urging time to quicken his career,
When by the holy man, the knot should bind
Their married hearts in wedlock unconfined.

But other maidens loved him, and confest
In silent grief, the tumult of the breast,
And none so much as Margaret — her heart
By slow degrees, unmoved by any art,
Stole from her care, with such sweet pleasure on,
She never knew the danger, till 'twas gone !

She ne'er essayed his plighted love to try,
By common arts of female coquetry,
But nursed the passion quietly within ;
A passion, such as never dreamt of sin ;
And often would she sit, and watch the smile
Of her dear infant charge, and dream the while
Of Albert, as she marked within their faces,
His miniature, with all imagined graces ;
And she would stand at table, and lift up

Her lovely eyelids, as she filled his cup,
So tremblingly, so innocently loving,
Without a hope, or e'en a *wish* of moving ;
Crushing with her dark lashes, the rude tear
That would have wet her cheek when he was near !

But Margaret was wary — though she knew
No rude suspicion with her loved one grew ;
And she would save, untouched, the plate he used,
And thence partake the viands he refused.
Kind hearted girl ! so humble and so true,
What happy thought those simple moments knew !

But Time drank up her tears, and Sorrow now,
Wept out her life blood — and her pallid brow
Grew deadly, and the hectic on her cheek
Mocked the dull roses, and her voice grew weak.
Her lips were red — but with the purple tide
That bubbled from her heart, — and so she died.

I did not watch her eyes of fading light,
Grow dim, then brighten, and then sink in night ;
But oftentimes, my heart with anguish weeps
O'er the green earth where hapless Margaret sleeps.

THE GALLEY SLAVE.

The moon poured down her mellow light
Like silver on the sea,
And not a breath disturbed the wave,
In its blue tranquillity :
No sound was on the midnight ear,
Save of the dipping oar,
While a Moorish galley anchored lay
Beneath the Moslem shore.

Full many a tear-drop swelled the sea
That calm and quiet night,
And many an aching breast grew cold
With hope's expiring light ;
For warriors, bowed beneath their chains,
Obeyed the lashes' smart,
And thought upon their native land
With heaviness of heart.

Among the captives doomed to wear
Their weary lives away,

And tug to rest the lazy wind
With labour day by day ;
There was a Spanish youth, who long
Had been a bondman there,
Chasing the minutes as they lagg'd,
By sighing to the air.

Juan had loved and was beloved,
And gave his hand and heart ;
But the silken bands of love were tied,
Alas ! too soon to part :
His country call'd to arms—he rose
And answered to her call,
And chance of war decreed his fate
To be a Moorish thrall.

The day had been a heavy one,
Though their hopeless task was done,
But they had toiled from breaking day,
Nor ceased at setting sun :
While many bent their earnest thoughts,
Far to their native shore,
The weary Juan fell asleep,
And sunk upon his oar.

Oh Sleep ! thou art the first and last —
The surest blessing, given

To be life's interview with death —
Our only gleam of Heaven ; —
Without thy shadowing wing, how dull
Were even the joys of life ;
Without thy honey-balm for care —
How hopeless were the strife !

And dreams of joy came o'er the youth,
Too pure for aught but dreams,
Like youthful images of love,
Or morning's rosy beams ;
For he had broken from his chains,
And passed the hated sea,
And stood upon his native land,
In the pride of liberty.

Why gushed the tear-drops from his eye,
Why swelled his gallant soul
With thoughts, he long had cherished deep,
And could not now control ?
Think, how his own dear cottage grew
Upon his eager sight,
And ask not why his crowded heart
Felt agonized delight !

The fruit trees in their white spring robes
So purely blossoming,

The wild wood where the happy birds
Were gayly wantoning, —
The little garden where the flowers
Were telling tales of love,
Had power to move the wanderer's heart,
As nothing less could move.

The blue smoke curling o'er the roof,
Told of the dwellers there,
The weedless path and garden spot
Spoke of their tender care ;
But was his widow'd wife still there,
And might he hope, his child, —
His father as he blest his boy —
His mother as she smiled !

Winged with the tortures of suspense,
He urged the nearest way,
Fear struggling with his guardian Hope,
To quench her cheering ray ;
A moment, and the gate was passed,
The garden and the door,
And Juan knelt in silent joy
Upon his cottage floor.

Well has the noble bard declared
Young love's redeeming hours,

That pay us for a life of ill,
With a paradise of flowers :
Then think what wealth of happiness
The captive's heart could boast,
As the glad tears shone upon the breast
Of her he loved the most !

There knelt his silver-headed sire,
In deep but speechless prayer,
With her who only knows full well
A parent's joy and care ;
And see the blooming infant boy,
With eyes upturned and wild,
How he clings upon a father's arms,
That now embrace his child !

Alas ! that dreams are only dreams,
That fancy cannot give
A lasting beauty to those forms
That scarce a moment live ;
Alas ! that youth's fond hopes should fade,
And love be but a name,
While its rainbows followed near so fast,
Are distant still the same.

The moon was fading fast away
Behind the gloomy shore,

The sea-breeze brought the sullen sound
Of the waking ocean's roar ;
And Juan's dream of love passed off
With the moonlight from the wave,
When, by the clanking of his chains,
He woke a galley slave.

PAINTING.

Suggested by the Portrait of a beautiful Pianist.

I stood within a palace of the maid,
Whose magic wand gives life to light and shade,
Where every tint harmoniously combined,
Embodied the divinity of mind.
I stood in silence — language had no power
To break the grave-like stillness of the hour.

A vision passed before me — on a throne
Of rosy clouds, girt by a vestal zone,
Sat the fair queen of soft and shadowy things,
More beautiful than love's imaginings ;
Her language, like the language of the flowers
That wave among the music-dropping bowers,
Or like the voices of the quiet skies,
Was only felt in unheard harmonies ;
Her eye was calmer than the breathless wave,
Save when a transient gleam from heaven gave
Sublimed lustre —

And then the flash was instant, for I saw
Its light grow milder than it shone before.

She waved a delicate and shining wand,
Fair as the lily-texture of her hand,
And waved but once, for as it passed the air,
A rainbow, following, arched in glory there,
When, quick as thought, her pencil caught its dyes,
And lo ! the vision brightened to my eyes.

I saw a crowd of airy forms pass on,
And kneel before her feet — and there was one
Of highest personal beauty, such as steals
Our manhood from us — wounds, and never heals.
Another came of loftier mien — a maid,
I knew her by the softness of her shade ;
By the sweet mellowness all objects caught,
Reflected from a mind with fancy fraught.
Another came — another — and another ;
Infants that stole the smiles of a fond mother,
And many happy faces, where was naught
But laughing gladness throned, in place of thought ;
And there were bards of intellect divine,
One, who had tuned his harp for Palestine ;
Another, who had scattered many a gem,
Lavish of mental wealth ; whose diadem,

The muses now are forming in the shade,
To brighten on through ages and not fade.
And there was one, whose lyre but newly strung,
Sent forth a melancholy strain, and flung
A sadness o'er the heart — but he shall live
Even in the very sadness he may give.

So passed they on — while I in mute surprise,
Wept inwardly, so gladdened were mine eyes ;
And as I knelt to worship, lo ! again
She waved her wand, and darkness wrapt my brain,
While music filled the air with gentler strains,
Than e'er aerial lyre from seraph gains ;
And then it swelled to loudness, till its crash
Came like the sounding avalanche's dash,
That made my spirit pray it might be free,
And never lose such fine sublimity.
Light came to me again, and oh ! how fair,
How brightly delicate the minstrel there ;
Her eyes were fixt upon the list'ning skies,
That looked the fulness of their ecstacies !
Her dark locks flowing down her glowing face,
Shaded its lustre with such gentle grace,
One would have thought the softest hues of night
Had gathered round Aurora in her light.
A harp stood by Apollo might have swept,
While o'er the thrilling strings her fingers leapt,

Racing so emulously fast, they seemed
Pearls raining upon ivory, yet gleamed
With a more feminine whiteness, while the notes,
That gushed as from a thousand warbling throats,
Held the rapt soul in such sweet ecstasy,
Full well I knew it was my hour to die.

Then came again the forms that passed before,
Bowing in joyous homage to adore.

The rainbow-queen looked pleasure as she spake,
"Behold what art's magician hand can make ;
"Awake ! thy dream is past, and now decide,
"Of Art and Nature, which shall hence preside."
I woke ; and with me woke the dulcet strain ;
My heart drunk in the mingled notes again :
It was no dream, the minstrel's self was there,
But oh ! than Art's, how more divinely fair !
Queen of the magic wand ! thy power may move
To charm the heart, but *Nature* makes it *love* !

SUNRISE,

FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON.

THE laughing hours have chased away the night,
Plucking the stars out from her diadem: —
And now the blue-eyed Morn, with modest grace,
Looks through her half-drawn curtains in the east,
Blushing in smiles and glad as infancy.
And see, the foolish Moon, but now so vain
Of borrowed beauty, how she yields her charms,
And, pale with envy, steals herself away !
The clouds have put their gorgeous livery on,
Attendant on the day — the mountain tops
Have lit their beacons, and the vales below
Send up a welcoming ; — no song of birds,
Warbling to charm the air with melody,
Floats on the frosty breeze ; yet Nature hath
The very soul of music in her looks !
The sunshine and the shade of poetry.

I stand upon thy lofty pinnacle,
Temple of Nature ! and look down with awe

On the wide world beneath me, dimly seen ;
Around me crowd the giant sons of earth,
Fixed on their old foundations, unsubdued ;
Firm as when first rebellion bade them rise
Unruffled to the Thunderer — now they seem
A family of mountains, clustering round
Their hoary patriarch, emulously watching
To meet the partial glances of the day.
Far in the glowing east the flickering light,
Mellowed by distance with the blue sky blending,
Questions the eye with ever-varying forms.

The sun comes up ! away the shadows fling
From the broad hills — and, hurrying to the West,
Sport in the sunshine, till they die away.
The many beauteous mountain streams leap down,
Out-welling from the clouds, and sparkling light
Dances along with their perennial flow.
And there is beauty in yon river's path,
The glad Connecticut ! I know her well,
By the white veil she mantles o'er her charms :
At times, she loiters by a ridge of hills,
Sportfully hiding — then again with glee,
Out-rushes from her wild-wood lurking-place,
Far as the eye can bound, the ocean-waves,
And hills and rivers, mountains, lakes and woods,
And all that hold the faculty entranced,

Bathed in a flood of glory, float in air,
And sleep in the deep quietude of joy.

There is an awful stillness in this place,
A Presence, that forbids to break the spell,
Till the heart pour its agony in tears.
But I must drink the vision while it lasts ;
For even now the curling vapours rise,
Wreathing their cloudy coronals, to grace
These towering summits—bidding me away ; —
But often shall my heart turn back again,
Thou glorious eminence ! and when oppressed,
And aching with the coldness of the world,
Find a sweet resting-place and home with thee.

BURIED LOVE.

I have often thought that Flowers were the Alphabet of Angels whereby they write on hills and fields mysterious truths. — THE REBELS.

SHE sleeps the quiet sleep of death,
The maid who lies below ;
And these are Angel-missioned flowers,
That o'er the green turf grow.

And they are sent to warn the fair,
How transient is their bloom ;
See how they bend their tender forms,
And weep upon her tomb.

The blush upon her living cheek,
Had shamed the morning skies ;
And diamond light, is not more bright
Than were her youthful eyes.

To see her, on a summer's day,
Gave love a lighter wing ;

And happy thoughts would crowd the heart,
And gush from many a spring.

I know the language of the flowers,
And love to hear them grieve,—
When crimsoning to the eye of morn,
Or drooping to the eve.

I listened when the star of love
Shone through the blue serene ;
When twilight held her silent wake,
Beneath the crested queen.

They told of her whose spirit comes
To breathe upon their leaves ;
And can I choose but love the breath,
That once was Genevieve's ?

She's gone, where sorrow may not come,
Where pain may never be ;
But she who lives an angel still,
May sometimes think of me.

Though gone, alas ! her blushing smile,
Who sleeps in sweet repose,
I joy to find its mimic grace,
Still living in the rose.

Then will I love the modest flower,
And cherish it with tears:
It minds me of my fleeting time,
Yet chases all my fears.

And when my hour of rest shall be,
I will not weep my doom ;
So, Angel-missioned flowers may come,
And gather round my tomb !

ANACREONTIC.

FILL again the mantling bowl,
Nor fear to meet the morning breaking !
None but slaves should bend the soul,
Beneath the chains of mortal making :
Fill your beakers to the brim,
Bacchus soon shall lull your sorrow ;
Let delight
But crown the night,
And care may bring her clouds to-morrow.

Mark this cup of rosy wine,
With virgin pureness deeply blushing ;
Beauty pressed it from the vine,
While Love stood by to charm its gushing ;
He who dares to drain it now,
Shall drink such bliss as seldom gladdens ;
The Moslem's dream
Would joyless seem,
To him whose brain its rapture maddens.

Pleasure sparkles on the brim —

Lethe, lies far deeper in it —

Both, enticing, wait for him,

Whose heart is warm enough to win it:

Hearts like ours, if e'er they chill,

Soon with Love again must lighten ;

Skies may wear

A darksome air,

Where sunshine most is known to brighten.

Then fill ! fill high the mantling bowl,

Nor fear to meet the morning breaking ;

Care shall never cloud the soul,

While Beauty's beaming eyes are waking ;

Fill your beakers to the brim,

Bacchus soon shall lull your sorrow ;

Let delight

But crown the night,

And Care may bring her clouds to-morrow,

ALBUQUERQUE.

A STORM was on the deep —
And lightning, in its wrath,
Called the darkness from its sleep,
In the fierce tornado's path ; —
The ocean waves went up among
The thunder-spirit's choir —
Recoiling as the death-note rung
From their canopy of fire.

“Awake ! awake ! — behold
“Death throned among the clouds !
“The sands of life are told —
“The waves must be our shrouds.” —
Thus spake the chief, while clinging round,
The shrieking concourse stood,
Waiting the sulphurous bolt to sound
Their requiem for the flood.

Stern Albuquerque that hour
Showed horror on his brow,

While conscience, in her power,
Made his haughty heart to bow —
Hot lightning blackened many a corse,
And split his bending mast,
While bounding, like a reinless horse,
On went the proud ship fast.

Pressed down with guilty fear,
He knew his turn might be —
Another bolt fell near,
And burst upon the sea ;
When, from a mother's bosom blest,
He snatched her infant care,
And clasping it before his breast,
Defied the lightning's glare.

"Now strike! — I stand prepared —
"Hurl down, proud Heaven! thy worst,
"For Innocence is bared
"Before a bosom cursed!"
He stood — the tempest fell asleep —
The hurricane passed o'er. —
His arms that keep the mighty deep,
Showed *mercy* and forbore !

SONNET.

Look ! how the young Moon, o'er the orange west,
Walks in her maiden purity ; — she seems
Adorned in brighter, more alluring beams,
To flatter all that look the loveliest.
The sea-breeze laps him to his halcyon rest,
Upon the dark-blue waters — where the gleams
Of sheeting moonlight silver o'er his dreams,
And melt to love the Atlantic's heaving breast.

The stars are out, and beautiful are they,
Cold, but still beautiful, a crowded choir,
Harmonious in their heavenly minstrelsy :
And I would fain, with beating heart, aspire
To their communion, — but this weight of clay,
Clings to the soul, and mocks the vain desire !

SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

The Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight ;
I know her track through the balmy air,
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there ;
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night,
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight ;
Then she mounts again, and round her flings
A shower of light from her crimson wings ;
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,
That silently fills it with ecstasy.

At noon she hies to a cool retreat,
Where bowering elms over waters meet,
She dimples the wave where the green leaves dip,
As it smilingly curls like a maiden's lip,
When her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain,
From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

At eve she hangs o'er the western sky
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy,
And round the skirts of their deepened fold,
She paints a border of purple and gold,
Where the ling'ring sunbeams love to stay,
When their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power,
She silvers the landscape, and crowds the stream
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream;
Then wheeling her flight through the gladdened air,
The Spirit of Beauty is every where.

SPRING.

HAIL to thee, gentle Spring,
With thy softened gales appearing ;
As a prisoned bird let free,
My heart leaps at thy coming.
Stern Winter shuns thy smile,
Or melts it into tears before thee.

Look ! how the budding trees
Wave to their joyous mother ;
How the gay floweret breathes
The perfume of its beauty ;
How the glad fields arise,
And clothe themselves in verdure !

The frozen clouds of Winter
Are grateful even to weeping ;
How warm they grow in the sunshine,
Pillowed on the deep blue sky,

Or floating in careless pleasure,
With the singing birds of morning !

The sleepless streams move onward
Through beds of idling lilies,
Chiding the foolish flowers
That watch their mirrored beauty ; —
So live the thoughtless many,
Who throng the halls of fashion !

Come to me, smiling Spring !
Come to my inmost bosom ;
I would clasp thee to my heart,
For my love yearns to embrace thee.
Wake in me early visions,
Visions that used to bless me !

SONG.

'Tis the season of tender delight,
The season of fresh-springing flowers ;
The green earth is covered with spangles of white,
And Love leads the rapturous hours.
Glad Nature is loud in her transport of pleasure,
The vallies and mountains re-echo her lay ;
The robin now warbles his love-breathing measure,
And scatters the blossoms while tilting the spray.
One impulse of tenderness thrills through the groves,
While the birds carol sweetly their innocent loves.

The Westwind ! how mildly he blows,
What fragrance his light pinions bear —
He breathes, as if fearful to brush from the rose,
The dew-drops so tremulous there :
The brook flowing softly among the green cresses,
So lightsomely dashes their branches away,
It seems some fond mother, who while she caresses,
Would sportfully chide her young children at play.

Hear the minstrel-bee lulling the blossoms to rest,
For the nectar he sips as the wild-flowers' guest !

Look out then on Nature, awhile ;

Observe her inviting thee now, —

Benevolence beams in her sunshiny smile,

And blandishment sits on her brow : —

Come stray with me, love, where the fountains are flowing,

And wild-flowers cluster to drink of the stream ;

While watching the lily and daffodil blowing,

No moment of bliss shall so exquisite seem.

When Nature invites thee, oh why then delay ?

While joy is still waking, away ! love, away !

YARICO'S LAMENT.

THY bark is on the midnight wave,
Thy thoughts are far from love and me,
And Hope has found a cheerless grave,
Within a heart still true to thee.

Thy babe is on my aching breast,
Where passion breathed a father's sigh,
When that cold cheek I fondly prest,
And wet with tears I could not dry.

I found thee on my father's isle —
My father! — nay fond memory, cease —
I would not think of one whose smile
Can only light the wreck of peace !

I found thee friendless and alone,
No hand to soothe thy bed of pain;
Oh, Inkle, did my bosom own
No joy to see thee live again !

I led thee where the lemon grew,
Where waterfalls and fountains played,
And where the kind banana threw
Her arms to comfort thee with shade.

And thou didst swear to love me then,
And teach me how the Christians pray ;
And tears were on thine eyelids, when
I gave my virgin heart away.

My heart ! oh, do not break so soon,
Throb yet awhile to cheer my boy ;
Kind Heaven, but grant the simple boon,
Nor thus my life's poor hold destroy.

Forgive the wrong ! his heart is mild,
And did not mean to give me pain ;
Blest image ! come, my tearless child,
And let me dream the past again !

MARY HALL.

ONE lovely summer day,
When birds were blithely singing,
And care had flown away,
And flowers were freshly springing,
I wandered forth to drink the air,
And waken sweet revealings,
While all around me seemed to share,
My bosom's happy feelings.

Among the waving trees,
That rustled o'er a valley,
Went up the eddy breeze,
Through a cool and shady alley;
And while I listened to the rush
Of green leaves blown together,
The robin and the playful thrush,
Were singing in the heather.

But soon another voice,
As though an angel hovered,

Made every bird rejoice,
 Within the foliage covered ;
With sweeter tone than warbling flute,
 It lingered on my hearing,
While other sounds were only mute,
 But now, so much endearing.

Beside a pebbly brook,
 I saw a woman bending,
And joy was in her look,
 With melancholy blending ;
And close behind her o'er a blaze,
 A water-vessel boiling,
Told plainly how she passed her days
 In solitary toiling.

Charmed by her syren tongue,
 That did not cease for me,
I asked her why she sung,
 And looked so smilingly ?
She told me that she felt delight,
 That God, who dwells above her,
Allowed her toiling day and night,
 To buy her bondman lover.

Though humble thou and poor,
 And of a race enslaved,

Still, Mary Hall, endure

What all thy truth has braved !

I would not give thy honest heart,

So full of noble bearing,

For all Potosi's mines impart,

Or high heroic daring.

TO CRESSID.

'Tis not the fairest form, that holds
The mildest, purest soul within ;
'Tis not the richest plant that folds
The sweetest breath of fragrance in ;

And oft within the rose's bower,
A lurking insect lies unknown,
That steals the honey from the flower,
Before its outward grace has flown.

Then should a rude wind come at length,
To break the quiet reigning round,
The flower that had the look of strength,
Falls scarcely heeded to the ground.

Then lady ! cast thy pride away,
And chase those rebel thoughts of thine ;
The casket may be bright and gay,
Yet all within refuse to shine.

Beneath a shower of golden light,
The ocean's breast seems warm and fair,
But when the shadows fall at night,
We find but few to venture there.

Hast thou an eye for Nature made,
A heart to feel the truth she bears?
Thou'lt learn a lesson from her shade,
To save thee from thy after-cares!

For should misfortune ever lower,
'T will cloud those charms that dazzle so;
And friends who greet thy fortune's power,
Will smile upon its overthrow.

AN INTRODUCTION.

THERE's not a bird that charms the air,
There's not a flower that scents the gale,
There's not a bee that wantons where
The wild-rose gems the vale ;

But each has some secluded shrine,
The leafy tree, or fragrant fold
Of blossoms, that in clusters shine,
Its happy guest to hold.

There's not a heart, whose pulses tell
How calm or wild the wish within,
But there is yet some secret cell,
No stranger eye can win.

There, records sweet of banished hours,
And tristful pangs of hope deferred,
As light and shade upon the flowers,
Are felt, but never heard.

For many a sigh, and many a tear,
And many a grief are buried there,
While Love's pale image lingers near,
The picture of despair.

This wilderness of stainless white,
Like Beauty's guileless heart, unknown,
Must be a place of varied light,
Where Thought shall build his throne.

The flatterer's breath shall taint its snow,
While many a heart of truth shall tell
The wish it scarce would have thee know,
Yet cherishes so well.

Then, while the hours enjoy their flight
Among the flowers that grace this shrine,
Oh, may one smile of cloudless light,
Remain forever thine !

SONNET.

OH, thou, who art the fairest of earth's daughters,
Delighted could I sit a summer's day,
To drink the music of thy lips away,
Gushing their careless melody as waters ;
And while I gazed upon thy full blue eyes,
Still listening to thy passion-kindling songs,
Deem myself happiest of thy votaries.
Thus while the morning lark his notes prolongs,
Lists the rapt bard, and bending to the skies,
Sends up the incense of a grateful heart,
For such a gleam of heavenly ecstacies.
Oh beautiful in feature, — as thou art
More beautiful in mind, — my thoughts of thee
Shall live in Love's undying memory !

TO GENEVIEVE.

I'LL rob the hyacinth and rose,
I'll search the cowslip's fragrant cell,
Nor spare the breath that daily blows
Her incense from the asphodel.

And these shall breathe thy gentle name,
Sweet naïad of the sacred stream!
Where, musing, first I caught the flame
That passion kindles in his dream.

Thy soul of music broke the spell
That bound my lyre's neglected strings,
Attuned its silent echo's shell,
And loosed again her airy wings.

Ah! long had beauty's eyes, in vain,
Shone o'er its strings with light divine;
Alas! it never woke again,
Till inspiration beamed from thine.

Thus vainly did the stars, at night,
O'er Memnon's lyre their watch prolong,
When naught but bright Aurora's light,
Could wake its silence into song.

FADING FLOWERS.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

WITHIN a bower where roses blushed
To see their charms outshone,
At evening, when the world was hushed,
A maiden sat alone.

The moonlight, blending with the day,
Shone mildly on her eyes,
And birds were dancing on the spray,
Showering their melodies.

But peace has left her maiden heart,
And blighted hopes are hers,
While fading flowers the forms impart
Of all her worshippers.

The smiles that used to greet her way,
Have ceased to light her feet,

And every flower appears to say,
We part, no more to meet.

Oh woman ! could thy bosom know,
How rose-like Love must die,
Thy heart would never languish so,
In silent agony ;

For every flower that fades away,
Would mind thee of thy doom,
That beauty's charm and beauty's sway,
Are chaplets for the tomb.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Now while the star of love is bright,
Now while the air is hushed in night,
Come where the roses breathe in sleep,
Ere morning wake to bid them weep,
While Beauty folds them to her breast,
And bids them lie in gentle rest,
 With sweet content.

Here would I sit, and watch those eyes,
Blue as the summer morning skies,
Then, on this wildly throbbing breast,
While every pulse my love confest,
Fain would I see thine eyelids close,
Locked in the fetters of the rose,
 With sweet content.

TO AN INFANT,

SLEEPING IN A GARDEN.

SLEEP on, sweet babe ! the flowers that wake
Around thee are not half so fair ;
Thy dimpling smiles unconscious break,
Like sunlight on the vernal air.

Sleep on ! no dreams of care are thine,
No anxious thoughts that may not rest ;
For angel arms around thee twine,
To make thy infant slumbers blest.

Perchance *her* spirit hovers near,
Whose name thy infant beauty bears,
To guard thine eyelids from the tear
That every child of sorrow shares.

Oh ! may thy life like *her's* endure,
Unsullied to its spotless close ;
And bend to earth as calm and pure
As ever bowed the summer rose.

WILT THOU GO FAR AWAY?

WILT thou go far away from this dark world with me,
To an isle of our own, in a warm sunny sea,
Where summer lives on, in a soft genial clime,
And breathes the rich fragrance of orange and lime?

Wilt thou go with me, love! where the halcyon hours
Are noiseless as angels, that move among flowers,
Where care may not come to disturb our repose,
As the calm tide of pleasure unsulliedly flows?

The music that comes on the citron-gale's wing
Shall wake thee at morn, and new happiness bring,
And evening shall find thee, with innocence gay,
Living over in dreams all the joys of the day.

The bark is unmoored that shall bear us away,
And the fresh blowing breeze only chides our delay;
Then haste, ere the summer of youth, has gone by,
To our island of love with its warm sunny sky!

ANNE BOLEYN.

I WEEP while gazing on thy modest face,
Thou pictured history of woman's love !
Joy spreads his burning pinions on thy cheek,
Shaming its whiteness ; and thine eyes are full
Of conscious beauty, as they undulate.
Yet all thy beauty, poor deluded girl !
Served but to light thy ruin. — Is there not,
Kind Heaven ! some secret talisman of hearts
Whereby to find a resting-place for love ?
Unhappy maiden ! let thy story teach
The beautiful and young, that while their path
Softens with roses, — danger may be there ;
That love may watch the bubbles of the stream,
But never trust his image on the wave.

STANZAS.

AND canst thou not accord that heart
In unison with mine,
Whose language thou alone hast heard,
Thou only canst divine?
And wilt thou not revoke thy cold
And merciless decree,
Nor yield one solitary thought,
To plead my wrongs to thee?

I found thee yet a modest flower,
An infant of the spring,
Unheeded, in the rosy crowd
Of beauty, blossoming;
And little didst thou think, how clear
Thy spirit round me shone,
To light the inward joy of hope
My tongue could never own.

I saw thee in the gay saloon
Of fashion's glittering mart,

Where Mammon buys what Love deplores,
Where Nature yields to Art;
And thou wast so unlike the herd,
My kindling heart despised,
I could not choose but yield that heart,
Though Love were sacrificed.

The smile which hung upon thy lips,
In transport with their tone,
The music of thy thoughts, that breathed
A magic theirs alone ;
The look that spake a soul so pure,
So innocent and gay,
Have passed, like other golden gleams
Of Happiness, away.

My life has been a dream of light,
Of loveliness and love ;
While serpents coiled beneath my path,
And roses bloomed above ;
And yet a wicked whisper comes,
Like madness, to my brain,
And bids me dream as I have dreamt,
And never wake again.

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

SPIRIT of Love! away, away,
On the rosy wings of the blushing day;
I've a dream of bliss for you to bear
To a blue-eyed beauty with chestnut hair.

You'll know my girl when you see her smile,
For her eloquent mouth breathes joy the while,
And her dimpling cheek puts on a hue,
To quicken the pulses that madden you.

If sleep be still on her modest eyes,
With their lashes that fall like the evening skies,
If you hear her sigh, or her lips should spread,
To show the pearls in their coral bed;

Whisper in music, as soft and clear
As spirits in slumber are wont to hear,
My dream of love, which you shall hold
In the warm embrace of your angel fold.

Then bring me back, ere the twilight die,
My dream again through the glowing sky,
That my heart may cherish the sighs that went
From the bosom of one so innocent.

THE BAYA.

THE Indian bird, that steals away
The broach unguarded beauty wears,
When round her sparkling fountains play,
And bulbuls chant their cares ;
Bold messenger of love ! he dares
What others only dare in dreams ;
Oh would that I were such as he,
On light wings full of liberty
To skim the mountain streams.

I'd choose some kind and gentle maid,
To love as youthful poets love —
Warm as a sunbeam without shade,
And guileless as a dove :
To be her angel-guard above,
And guide her steps where'er she went ;
To sing to her when slumber fell,
In notes to trouble Philomel,
So melancholy blent.

And when she died — I'd watch her grave,
And teach the violets to grow,
The willow over her should wave,
And softest shadows throw.
Just such a grave I chance to know,
Where oft I bend in tearless grief ;
But though the earliest flowers are there,
The rudest hand would never dare
To rob them of a leaf.

Dear bird of love ! thy life is fraught
With pleasant care and blissful pain ;
Perchance some spotless soul, that sought
To roam the earth again ;
Some heart that owned a mortal chain
So strong it could not break above ;—
And back is sent in pity here,
To live an hour without a tear,
In innocence and love !

ODE,

WRITTEN FOR THE TENTH ANNUAL FAIR OF THE AMERICAN
INSTITUTE.

I.

When the banner of freedom first waved to the breeze,
And the stars and the stripes were to Liberty given,
When the thunder of war died away on the seas,
And the olive-bough bloomed where the deluge had driven,
Columbia awoke,
Disenthralled from her yoke,
Her brows bound with leaves from her own mountain oak,
And called on her children to wake once again,
Their altars to rear and their rights to maintain.

II.

From the dark rolling wave, at the joyous command,
First Commerce emerged with her white wings extended ;
She wreathed the old flag of our own fatherland,
Intertwined with the banner that Freedom defended.

While our eagle, that clung
To the crags with her young,
Screamed aloud, and aside her red thunderbolt flung,
As the flag of St. George and our banner of stars,
Wove a baldric of peace for the temples of Mars.

III.

Arrayed in the garb of her own native skies,
Next, Science came down, with a rainbow around her ;
While the pride of a mother beamed forth from her eyes,
As she gazed on a son who had sought and had found her.
'Twas Fulton, whose eye
Saw his mother on high,
And drew down the glory that never shall die :
For as long as the sun in his splendour is seen,
His name shall endure, and his laurels be green.

IV.

From their trance of delight, as the vision passed by,
The Arts sprang to life with a thrill of devotion ;
They caught every hue as it broke from the sky,
And went up again through the mist of the ocean ;
While the Iris that spanned
Sea and air, sky and land,
United the North and the South in a band —
And ne'er may a son of Columbia be found
To sever the tie which her Genius has bound !

V.

With a sheaf by her side, and her hand on the plough —
With the furrows before, and with plenty attending,
Next Ceres appeared, — as she smiles on us now, —
Her fruits and her wine cups to Labour extending ;
While the Arts gather round,
And fair Science was crowned,
And the Harvest-home song rent the air with its sound :
“ Thus ever may Science and Art, hand in hand,
Bear the emblems of Peace and of Hope to the land.”

VI.

We have met to rejoice — let us link heart with heart,
In the festival hour which our Genius has given ;
And here let us vow, ere we rise to depart,
By the spirits that bend from their circles in heaven,
That true to our trust,
As our fathers were first,
When they poured out their life-blood like rain on the dust,
We will rally around the old Liberty tree,
While its limbs yield a staff for the flag of the free.

THE DELUGE.

"The fountains of the great deep were broken up."

THERE was a change in nature ; winter came
With an unwonted coldness — spring returned ;
But not with her returned the voice of birds,
Nor the bland air, nor the green, dropping herb —
The rose nor violet, nor the genial glow
That crimsons o'er the bounding veins of youth :
But rather strange vicissitudes appeared
Of heat and cold unusual — till the plague
Spotted the ghastly cheek of frightened man.
Men thought, but dared not speak. —

At length there came
Through Leo, blazing, the high-fevered sun,
Drying the cisterns where the rain distilled,
Till the poor tearless herbage drooped and died.
Then came the fear of death — distracting thoughts —
Strange prophecies of voices in the air,
And smothered shrieks, as though of drowning men —

When, lo ! a comet, gleaming from the north,
Lighted the glazing stare of maniac eyes.
Day dawned, and night succeeded — it was there
Like to the flaming sword, o'er Eden erst
Extended, lest the impure should venture heaven.
Day dawned, and night succeeded — still it came,
Fiercer and redder, till its fiery hair
Veiled half the face of heaven ; and not obscured,
Though the pale moon gave her reluctant wealth,
And the stars showered their prodigal gifts of light,
To calm men's apprehensions. Still it came,
Till even the sky of morning doffed its teints,
And sickened at the harbinger of wo :
Still on it came — on, to its perihelion.

Oh, hope ! where now has fled thy spreading smile ?
Where are the iron nerves, and mailed hearts,
The eye that never quailed, the blanchless cheek ?
Man then encountered man, and muttering, passed.
Girls, with disordered locks, ran to and fro,
Wringing their bloodless hands — while mothers left
Their famished babes, and children left their parents,
Who rent their garments, and, blaspheming loud,
Tore the dry hair from off their fevered brows.
Some groped about for graves, and drowned themselves :
Strange fear ! that hurries man to drug with death
The horror that must wake immortally !

It came — the waters rose — and still it came,
And still the waters rose ; till o'er the vales
One angry waste appeared ; the mountain tops
Were covered with live creatures, faint with fears.
And now with louder, more continued sound,
Than the storm-thunder, the huge crust of earth
Cracked and heaved upward ; — from her sulphurous caves
The subterranean waters, bellowing forth,
Rose like another world, and whelmed the old.
God's counter-fiat spake — one awful shriek,
From all the millions of Earth's sinful mould
Went up to Heaven, and with it went the sea
And every living thing. Earth trembled then :
Out rushed her central fires, which, suddenly
Quenched by the world of waters, sent on high
Unfathomable clouds, — primeval rocks
Were split asunder — and the marbled beds
Drunk in the mingled lava ; beasts and birds,
Forests, and towers, and palaces together
Rushed to promiscuous ruin ; the great deep
Threw up his giants on the flinty rocks,
And mixed their skeletons with all the tribes
That crawled upon his sands ; the icy North
Oped his fanged jaws to grasp the tropic beast,
And prisoned it forever.

Where was now

Thy beauty, Nature ? where thy hills and vales,
Thy sunny uplands, sprinkled o'er with flocks ?
Where the soft rippling brooks, the meadow-flowers,
The voice, the smile of woman, the loud laugh
That rang above the banquet ? — all were gone !
Buried in water — hopelessly destroyed !
For o'er them hung the stifling canopy,
Where Death sat throned, crammed with the rotting dead,
Yet longing for more food — while at his side,
Sin languished that her votaries were no more !

LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

YES ! still I love thee :— Time, who sets
His signet on my brow,
And dims my sunken eye, forgets
The heart he could not bow ; —
Where love, that cannot perish, grows
For one, alas ! that little knows
How love may sometimes last ;
Like sunshine wasting in the skies,
When clouds are overcast.

The dew-drop hanging o'er the rose,
Within its robe of light,
Can never touch a leaf that blows,
Though *seeming* to the sight ;
And yet it still will linger there,
Like hopeless love without despair, —
A snow-drop in the sun !
A moment finely exquisite,
Alas ! but only one.

I would not have thy married heart
Think momentarily of me, —
Nor would I tear the cords apart,
That bind me so to thee ;
No ! while my thoughts seem pure and mild,
Like dew upon the roses wild,
I would not have thee know,
The stream that seems to thee so still,
Has such a tide below !

Enough ! that in delicious dreams,
I see thee and forget —
Enough, that when the morning beams,
I feel my eyelids wet !
Yet, could I hope, when Time shall fall
The darkness, for creation's pall,
To meet thee, — and to love, —
I would not shrink from aught below,
Nor ask for more above.

MORAL BEAUTY.

'Tis not alone in the flush of morn,
In the cowslip-bell or the blossom thorn,
In noon's high hour, or twilight's hush,
In the shadowy stream, or the roses' blush,
Or in aught that bountiful Nature gives,
That the delicate Spirit of Beauty lives.

Oh no! it lives, and breathes, and lies,
In a home more pure than the morning skies ;
In the innocent heart it loves to dwell,
When it comes with a sigh or a tear to tell
Sweet visions that flow from a fount of love,
To mingle with all that is pure above.

It dwells with the one whose pitying eye
Looks out on the world in charity ;
Whose generous hand delights to heal
The wounds that suffering mourners feel,
Without a wish or a hope or thought
That light should shine on the deeds it wrought.

It dwells in the heart that naught inspires,
But manly feelings, and high desires ;
Where nothing can come like a selfish dream,
When visions of glory around it gleam,
Proud visions that show to the gifted mind,
The boundless sphere of the human kind.

Sweet Spirit of Beauty ! my dreams are thine,
But I lose thee not when the day-beams shine ;
Thy image is still to my constant gaze,
At midnight hour or noontide blaze ;
And none but one with a heart unsold,
Can know the bliss which thy lovers hold.

TO GENEVIEVE.

WHENE'ER the lightsome dance, and mad'ning glare
Of Fashion's gay assemblage, shall allure
Thy gentle wishes, that are always pure,
And lead thee to eclipse the brightest there ;
Amidst the siren smiles that flatterers wear,
Remember then, — I know thou'lt not forget, —
The lesson which I taught thee when we met,
Where the still moonlight as a carpet lay,
For airy forms to move on — when the dews
Hung tremulously bright, like that array
Of planetary glories, that diffuse
Rays from their countless sources ever bright,
Gemming the ebon coronal of night ;
For I would have thee feel, that Nature's charms
Can lull thy restless thoughts, that thou canst draw
From her exhaustless fountain, evermore,
High thoughts to shield thee from the wild alarms

And mad distractions of a world like this ;
That, should thy heart aspire to present bliss,
The thought were vain — for pleasure, like a shade,
Will fly before thee, and elude thy hold ;
That, Nature's charms alone are manifold,
In all the simple guilelessness displayed
Of vestal innocence — that she can mould
Thy passions so, that they shall be thy aid.
Thus shall thy days in happiness grow old,
Thy soul high towering in its flight sublime ;
And should thy joys on earth grow dark and cold,
Thy heart may find a rest above the cares of time !

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THE dews that tremble on the flowers,
When moonlight drops its silvery veil,
Are only tears of tristful hours,
That weep to leave the nightingale.
Then, while the light-winged hours are weeping,
Shall beauty close her eyes,
When Love, within her bosom sleeping,
Can only dream of ecstasies ?

Oh ! Mary, yield to music's power,
And listen to thy lover's prayer,
The fragrance of the woodbine bower
Is waiting to receive us there ;
And shall we live, while life is fleeting,
Without one hour of love,
When swelling hearts with rapture meeting,
May wing their vows of truth above ?

But if thy faith, so warmly plighted,
Be changed for one less truly thine,

If Love must see his chaplet blighted,
And Hope desert her favoured shrine;
Let not the sigh of sorrow wake thee,
Thy lover's grief to tell,
Whose breaking heart could ne'er forsake thee —
Whose tongue could never say, farewell!

LINES,

Written off Point Judith Light-House.

THE skies have rolled their clouds away,
To drink the summer's cooler breeze,
Evening weighs down the eye of day,
Chiding the idling twilight ray,
Among the silent trees ;—
And look above ! how darkly blue
The arch of night, with one lone cloud,
Parting for stars to glimmer through !
The waves are calm,—the wind is still,—
While the full moon, in glory proud,
Rides like Aurora o'er the hill !
Alas ! that aught of grief should lower,
To cloud the bliss of such an hour.

Where yon pale spire is dimly seen,
Robed in a misty veil of light,

Glancing its beacon-rays between
The blended hues of day and night ;
I marked a sea-bird leave her bed,
To light her pathway through the skies ;
Lured by the dazzling form she fled,
And fluttering round, in wild surprise,
Dashed madly at the vision fair,
Then shrieked, and poured her spirit there.

Oh, what a glowing image this,
Of man's inconstancy below,
Too restless here to heed the bliss
He might with calm contentment know :
But like the sea-bird charmed away
By Hope's destructive meteor ray,
He soars above the halcyon wave
Of sweet content — and hails afar,
Some brighter form his passions crave ;
But finds, alas ! the glittering star
That lured him to a fairer day,
The death-light of a fevered brain ;
And feels, too late, that Hope decay,
Which blighted, never blooms again !

G U L N A R E.

DAUGHTER of Beauty — Gulnare !

Queen of the delicate graces,
Whose smile is a minstrel to charm away care,
And lighten wherever it traces,
Health to thy cheek, where the mantle of morn
Flushes with rosiest tints to adorn.

Long may the zone that entwines
Purity, mildness, affection,
Shed the same lustre as constantly shines
To hallow a woman's perfection ;
And long may the smile that illumines thy brow,
Live on as it lives in its loveliness now !

The lily may die on thy cheek,
With freshness no longer adorning ;
The rose that envelopes its whiteness may seek
To take back her mantle of morning ;

Yet still will Love's tenderness beam from thine eye,
And ask for that homage no heart can deny.

Thy dark hair may blanch where it bends

Over eyes of cerulean hue,

That melt with the softness the Summer-moon lends,

To mellow her pathway of blue ;

Yet still will I love thee, and sweetly repose

On the bosom where true love with constancy grows.

SONG,

WRITTEN FOR AN ANNUAL CELEBRATION OF THE MASSACHU-
SETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION.

Oh, welcome the moment, when life's troubled dreams
Give way to the rapture of soul ;
When true-hearts are met where Benevolence beams,
And nothing but Love can control :
When the joys that we feel, with the cares that have flown,
So mingle their sunshine and shade,
That Fancy can bask in a blaze of her own,
And worship what Genius hath made.

We have met once again, and long may we share
The union of Friendship and Love,
While our hearts burn as one, through the midnight of care,
As the galaxy brightens above.
Here, then, let us throw off the mantle of wo,
And drink to the present and past ;
Let a bumper go round, and our glasses o'erflow,
Till happiness crown us at last.

Should anguish and sorrow o'ershadow our way,
And Hope's phantom beauty beguile ;
While Charity lends us her generous ray,
We will live in the light of her smile.
Thus, while darkness envelopes our cold wintry skies,
And clouds hang their tempests between,
The Aurora commands her own Iris to rise,
And hallow the desolate scene.

I'VE LISTENED AT EVE.

I've listened at eve, by a tranquil lake,
To the sweetest song that love could wake,
When the moon shone down through the blue serene,
To silver the leaves of the woodland green.

I've listened at morn, when the west wind came,
To cool the roses's blush of shame,
When the nightingale's voice through the tangled trees,
Gladdened the bosom with ecstacies.

But ah ! when I heard thy eloquent lay,
It drove every charm of their music away ;
And I thought some spirit had left the spheres,
To soothe our sorrows, and dry our tears.

Thy lay was like the Æolian lyre's,
When an angel breathes o'er its silken wires ;
For memory slept with the rising strain,
In a dream of bliss till it ceased again.

FLORA.

WHEN Flora, in her earliest days,
Taught her young buds to blossom round ;
She bade them freshen, as the rays
Of morning glittering o'er the ground.

She chose the loveliest that grew,
And placed them at Apollo's shrine,
For they were fresh and budding new,
And worthy of the power divine.

Apollo pleased with such a boon,
Attuned his lyre to passion's strain,
And taught young echo, at the tune,
To wing her airy flight again.

But Venus saw what Love had done,
And, jealous of her Flora's power,
Transformed her e'er another sun,
To beauty's passion-stricken flower.

When morning came, Apollo's rays
Flew quickly where they loved to rest,
But soon he found their cheering blaze
Was beaming on a lily's breast.

And where her smile once played alone,
And taught the god of light to smile,
A dew-drop glistened, while his song
By her unheeded was the while.

And now at summer time, e'er morn
Breaks beauteous in the glowing sky,
The brilliant queen looks down upon
Her lily bending tearfully.

But ever flies as light appears,
Ashamed to meet the god of day,
Who always looks her into tears,
Until she weeps herself away !

AN INSCRIPTION.

WHENE'ER tumultuous thought is still,
And Peace resumes her wonted reign,
And Meditation lulls the mind
To quietude again ;

Whene'er thy wearied thought shall soar,
Far, far above this world of wo,
While mild imagination wreathes
For thee her seraph bow —

When each harmonious page recalls
Some friend who left a record there,
Some heart that often winged to thee
An echo of its prayer —

May this, if chance should lead thine eye
Its long forgotten lines to see,
Awake a momentary thought
Of friendship and of me.

ART THOU HAPPY, LOVELY LADY?

ART thou happy, lovely lady,
In the splendour round thee thrown,
Can the jewels that array thee,
Bring the peace which must have flown?
By the vows which thou hast spoken,
By the faith which thou hast broken,
I ask of thee no token,
That thy heart is sad and lone.

There was one that loved thee, Mary!
There was one that fondly kept
A hope which could not vary,
Till in agony it slept.
He loved thee, dearly loved thee,
And thought his passion moved thee,
But disappointment proved thee,
What love has often wept.

TO ELLEN.

WHEN thine eye is bright with joy,
When thy cheek's pure mantle tells
How glad the heart within thee,
While the tide of pleasure swells,

I would not have thee turn aside
To think of pain and sorrow,
And in thy happy moments think
Of agony to-morrow.

Life's sunny path is full of flowers,
But thorns are scattered there,
Then cautiously pursue thy way,
And while secure, beware.

The garb that Wisdom dresses in,
Looks darkly to the young,
But time will show how brightly glow
The jewels round her hung.

Drink thy fill from Pleasure's fountain,
In innocence and bliss,
That other days may yield thee
All the happiness of this.

And long in this tumultuous world,
May tearless smiles attend thee,
And angels guard thy gentle heart,
And Providence befriend thee.

WRITTEN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

THERE'S one I love, as childhood loves
The flower that blossoms to the eye ;
But I have that within that moves,
And e'er has moved like destiny.

Few days will pass, and I shall lie,
Perhaps without a stone to tell,
That I have lived, that all must die,
And bid this lovely world farewell.

Perchance a few may shed a tear,
From terror of their own sad lot ;
But that which moulders on the bier,
Is reckless that it is forgot.

The eye whose look was friendship's voice,
The hand whose pressure made me thrill,
The smile which made my heart rejoice,
Shall live when that sad heart is still.

The long, rank grass shall deck my grave,
And idle feet profane the ground,

As o'er the thoughtless and the brave,
Earth echoes back her funeral sound.

The sun will spread his yellow beams,
Regardless of my dying day,
As though an insect of the streams
Had perished in his scorching ray.

And men shall fill the place I fill,
And think of death as I now think,
And tread with careless footsteps, still
Regardless of destruction's brink.

From dust to dust, till ruin sinks
This mighty globe, shall man go on,
Still adding to creation's links,
The same corruption which begun.

The soul may sleep in endless night,
Or wake, as infants wake, to life ;
Another sun to yield its light,
Another world with sorrow rife.

An everlasting death is ours,
From youth to age, one dull decay ;
A shadow moving among flowers,
The sepulchre of yesterday !

CORRESPONDENCES.

Nor perchance

If I were not thus taught should I the more

Suffer my genial spirits to decay.—WORDSWORTH.

THE Bird of Paradise, with wings

Of cherub beauty, never sings

In sorrow nor in mirth,

Till death comes o'er him like a cloud:—

And then, as if he spurned the proud

Destroyer, mounts and sings aloud,

And lifeless, in his golden shroud,

Falls mightily to earth.

Like him, 'twere well, if life could pass

Unheard amidst the senseless mass,

That feel no joy but hate;—

A living pestilence, that flings

Its poison breath o'er purer things

To blight and desolate.

The tree upon the ocean side,

Grown up before the blast,

Without one leaf to face the tide,
Clings firmly to the last ;
And though the storm cannot uprear,
But strips the trunk of branches there,
And makes it yield to time ; —
Its southern branches greener grow,
And woo the sunbeams as they flow
From out a milder clime : —

Oh, when is Nature ever mute
To happiness or wo ?
Her images may always suit
Whatever fate we know.
I read in happy things that move,
Our hearts were only made to love ;
And midst the torrent's burst,
The rock that lifts its reckless power,
Proclaims *that* Faith in trial's hour,
Which still may bear the worst.

DREAMS.

Oh, many and beautiful dreams are mine, —
Thanks to the gentle spirit that brings
In dewy sleep, such light to shine,
As only shines from her angel wings: —

Visions of love! too pure for earth,
With voices that come from the quiet sky,
And music that tells of its seraph birth,
Filling my bosom with ecstasy.

Sometimes, I'm led by her gentle hand,
Through gardens, and groves, and delicious vales,
Where silvery streamlets thread the land,
And ripe fruit swings in the fragrant gales; —

There, beautiful forms are ever seen,
So happy, — there's nothing so joyous here;
Bounding away over lawns of green,
Like lambs in the flush of the vernal year.

At times I bend o'er a river's brink,
Where the waters move like a mass of light,
And I scoop it up in my hand to drink,
When it gives to my vision intenser sight :—

Then millions of unknown flowers upspring,
Loading the air with their spicy breath,
Each flower the type of some living thing,
That glows with beauty, and knows no death.

Sometimes I'm led by her angel-hand,
Through an aura that chills like the death of love,
And I climb the clouds in the skies above,
And look below on the sea and land :

The clouds I climb are like hills of snow,—
Huge mountain-piles o'er which I roam,—
And I gaze on a silver sea below,
Where the waves leap up in their lustrous foam :

And then the skies, like a dome of ice,
Crackle and fall in a crystal shower,
And I seem to wake midst a vine-clad bower,
With my angel-guide in a paradise.

ODE,

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I.

OH 'morning-bright Apollo !' when thy car
Bore thee away from where the huntress weeping,
Poured her chaste tears o'er Latmus, while lay sleeping
Endymion veiled in glory like a star, —
And left the marbled Athens to awake,
As from the sleep of death, in grief to feel
The chill that even Phidias could not wake,
The wounds that breathing Genius could not heal.
Oh 'morning-bright Apollo !' when thy bow
Smote with its shaft the Python that upsprung
From Superstition's stagnant pool below,
Where Ignorance lay brooding with her young ;
Where fell thy brighter beams ; whose heaven-strung lyre
Rekindled to their touch with spirit-burning fire ?

II.

Thou, Albion ! o'er thy snowy hills,
Receiv'd'st the flood that rolled along,

One ocean, from a thousand rills
Of tributary song !
Thy 'well of English undefiled,'
Immortal Chaucer ! swelled the stream,
Where rolling on, the poet's dream
Upon its current smiled ;
Reflecting back a monument in Alpine grandeur piled.

III.

Then Spenser caught the inspiring lay,
And roamed with wild romance awhile ;
He held the prism to a ray,
And made the day-beam smile :
Wake, Albion ! for a brighter day
Is breaking o'er thine isle ;
Melpomene has seized the lyre,
And gathered from all bards her own,
Ford, Marston, Jonson, Fletcher, lit the fire,
Around the vestal throne.
But there was one who stood alone,
Supreme in power, whose magic wand
Swept time away, and gazed beyond !
Before whose feet the passions knelt
Obedient, as his humour dealt.
Immortal Shakspeare ! it was thine
In one resistless bolt to throw

The lightnings of the human mind,
That flash for weal or wo ;—
To rouse the dead on Lethe's wharf,
Arch-angel of the human kind !
To bear with thee the immortal mind,
Among the golden stars to roam,
Where choiring with the cherubim,
The spirit finds its home.
High-priest of nature ! it was thine,
To burst the fetters that confine
Ambition's heaving wings !
Rent by the lightning of thy power,
They fretted on the earth an hour,
Then mounted higher and still higher,
The Theban Eagle and his lyre,
With thunder in its strings.

IV.

Oh Albion ! it were vain to try,
A record of thy great to give ;—
Throned on their immortality,
In glory let them live !
For Milton, it may well suffice,
To live in his own Paradise.
But Scotia ! why dost thou
Rise through the mountain mist, in form
The rainbow of a summer storm,

With smiles upon thy brow ?
And who is he thou lead'st along,
In russet brown, of careless air ?
'Tis Caledonia's child of song —
Burns, with his lyre is there !
Where crowds of highland maids appear,
With every one a smile and tear.

V.

But there is one, around whose brow
A dazzling glory streams afar —
Throned as immortal spirits are,
A seraph even now :
His head encircled with a crown,
Brighter than mortal ever wore,
The bard that first outstript renown,
And ever kept before !
See, see, he strikes the golden lyre, —
There's magic in his look of fire —
Forgotten ages rise at his command,
Around him crowd a long-forgotten band :
Strike yet again the strings !
Lo ! clad in steel the feudal kings,
Each pibroch note to battle brings,
And "Marmion" is the cry !
Far flash the mingled battle brands,
Red falchions streaming in their hands,

Midst screams of death and loud commands,
And shouts of victory !

VI.

But now the lyre, whose strings could tell
The tales that sorrow loved so well,
Is dead — with it has died the border theme ;
While Scotland mourns on every hill,
In every glen, by every rill —
More vocal than Sicilian streams,
When Dorian music died with Bion's heavenly dreams.

VII.

Harp of the north, farewell !
Enchantress of the magic shell,
Whose notes rang wildly from Hellvelyn's height,
And woke the echoes of Benlomond sleeping,
With every muse of Scotland round thee, weeping,
A long, a last, good night !

VIII.

Well, Scotia, may'st thou wail !
Strike yet a louder string,
For funeral music rises o'er the gale,
From Albion, on the wing, —
And Erin's lyre is hushed
To all but sorrowing.

The rose and thistle blend their dewy tears,
With the green shamrock's, while from far away,
Britannia's genius o'er her snow-cliffs, hears
Columbia's funeral lay.

IX.

Harp of the north, farewell! — no more shall rise
The music of thy rich, harmonious numbers ;
The soul that gave thee life, has sought its skies,
The bard who took thee from the willow, slumbers.
Henceforth, in grief let Ettric's shepherd wear thee,
Or else, with cypress wreathed for future years,
Back to the willows let the minstrel bear thee,
And mix his parting farewell with our tears.

THE POET.

A POET'S heart is always young,
And flows with love's unceasing streams ;
Oh, many are the lays unsung,
Yet treasured with his dreams !

The spirits of a thousand flowers,—
The loved,—the lost,—his heart enshrine ;
The memory of blessed hours,
And impulses divine.

Like water in a crystal urn,
Sealed up forever, as a gem,
That feels the sunbeams while they burn,
But never yields to them ;—

His heart may fire — his fevered brain
May kindle with concentrate power,
But kind affections still remain
To gild his darkest hour.

The world may chide — the heartless sneer, —
And coldly pass the Poet by,
Who only sheds a sorrowing tear
O'er man's humanity.

From broken hearts and silent grief,
From all unutterable scorn,
He draws the balm of sweet relief,
For sufferers yet unborn.

His lyre is strung with shattered strings, —
The heart-strings of the silent dead, —
Where memory hovers with her wings,
Where grief is canopied.

And yet his heart is always young,
And flows with love's unceasing streams ;
Oh, many are the lays unsung,
And treasured with his dreams !

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

THE tongue of the vigilant clock tolled *one*,
In a deep and hollow tone,
The shrouded moon looked out upon
A cold, dark region, more cheerless and dun,
By the lurid light that shone.

Mozart now rose from a restless bed,
And his heart was sick with care,
Though long had he wooingly sought to wed
Sweet sleep — 'twas in vain, for the coy maid fled,
Though he followed her everywhere.

He knelt to the God of his worship then,
And breathed a fervent prayer;
'Twas balm to his soul, and he rose again
With a strengthened spirit, but started when
He marked a stranger there.

He was tall, — the stranger who gazed on him,
Wrapped high in a sable shroud ; —

His cheek was pale, and his eye was dim,
And the melodist trembled in every limb,
The while his heart beat loud.

“Mozart ! there is one whose errand I bear,
That cannot be known to thee ;
He grieves for a friend, and would have thee prepare
A requiem blending a mournful air,
With the richest harmony.”

“I’ll furnish the requiem,” Mozart cried,
“When this moon has waned away !”
The stranger bowed, and no word replied, —
But fled like the shade on a mountain side,
When the sun withdraws his ray.

Mozart grew pale as the vision fled,
And his heart beat fast with fear ;
He knew ’twas a messenger sent from the dead,
To warn him that soon he must make his bed,
In the darksome sepulchre.

He knew that the days of his life were told,
And his spirit was faint within ;
The blood through his bosom lapsed slowly and cold,
While the lamp of life could barely hold
The flame that was flickering.

Yet he went to his task with a cheerful zeal,
While his days and nights were one;
He spake not, — he moved not, — but only to kneel,
With the holy prayer: — “Oh God! I feel
’Tis best thy will be done!”

He gazed on his loved one who cherished him well,
And weepingly hung o’er him: —
“This music will chime with my funeral knell,
And my spirit shall float with the passing bell,
On the notes of my Requiem!”

The cold moon waned — on that cheerless day
The stranger appeared once more: —
Mozart had finished the requiem lay,
But ere the last notes had died away,
His spirit had gone before!

ODE,

SUNG AT THE CELEBRATION OF LAYING THE CORNER STONE
OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

LET Freedom's banner swell with patriot pride,
While glory's iron heralds proclaim along the shore,
The Day when Albion crimsoned Charles's tide,
And Bunker shook beneath the battle's roar:
How majestic the spirit that rode upon her thunder,
Whose bolts indignant broke oppression's chain asunder!
When first a yeoman band,
The bulwark of the land,
Like monarch oaks withstood
The dark contending flood,
And bought with blood a freeman's rights, our heritage to be.
Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
Our Genius gave the mandate, declaring we were free,
Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
And Independence sealed the high decree.

Arise ! arise ! ye patriot spirits rise !
And hail the glorious morn, when your star of freedom rose ;
When Bunker hurled her lightning, like the skies,
And poured a flaming torrent on her foes ;
When our sires, our gallant sires, their dearest birthright
shielded,
And wrote our magna-carta in the sacred blood they yielded ;
Whose monument shall stand
In Alpine glory, grand ;
Where our mountain bird shall soar,
When around the tempests roar,
Their lifted pile's gigantic strength, exultingly to see.
Huzza ! huzza ! &c. &c. &c.

Should hostile legions darken round the land,
Your rock-encompassed shore presuming to invade ;
Thy towering temple, Liberty ! would stand,
To blast thy fell oppressors with its shade :
In grandeur unrivalled, the pillared dome ascending,
Shall strengthen on from age to age, our fathers' fame extend-
ing ;
While round thee, fanes' decay,
Exempt from ruin's sway,
Thy stately front sublime,
Shall stand the proof of time,
And midst its beating storms, secure, unshaken ever be !
Huzza ! Huzza ! &c. &c. &c.

Arise! Arise! ye patriot-spirits, rise!

The Jubilee of glory demands a nation's song;

Triumphant music, wake, with glad surprise,

Till echo every rapturous strain prolong: —

Let the clarion of Fame, from shore to shore, be sounded,

And Io Pæans ring, through Heaven's high arch, unbounded!

Let the trumpet proudly swell;

Wake, wake the inspiring shell!

While the rosy cup goes round,

With ruby nectar crowned,

And we drink to them who nursed with blood our drooping

freedom tree!

Huzza! huzza! &c. &c. &c.

ODE,

WRITTEN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1828.

At the request of the Typographical Association of Baltimore.

LET the voice of the Nation go forth !

Let the roar of your cannon proclaim

From the East and the West, from the South and the North,

The pride of Columbia's name !

The chain of Oppression was yours,

And Tyranny marked you her slaves —

But O ! while an oak in the forest endures,

Or a pine on the mountain-top waves,

The birth-day of Freedom shall ring round the land,

And millions of hearts shall for Liberty stand.

Let the trumpet awake with its breath,

Where the star-spangled banner unfurled —

'Tis the voice that once summoned your fathers to death,

When the lightnings of vengeance were hurled :

O ne'er let the war-cry, that burst
From the brave, when they rushed to the fight,
Die away on the shore, where the thunderbolt first
Broke the cloud of our Liberty's light —
When the Throne of Oppression was rent by the blast,
As the hurricane-uproar of victory past.

Remember that ages unborn,
Will look through the vista of time —
And the spirit that welcomes this glorious morn,
Shall never be tarnished with crime !
While Commerce has wings for the sea,
While Wealth opens channels for trade ;
While the heart of our country beats nobly and free,
Not a star of its glory shall fade : —
Then swear to be just, while a true heart remains
To gaze on the giant that broke from his chains !

Ye are free ! — let your gratitude rise —
Ye are great ! — be ye true to your trust ; —
Your greatness descended alone from the skies,
Whence, the strength of your Liberty must !
Then swear by your patriot sires,
By the blood that was spilt for this day,
That ne'er while your hearts burn with Liberty's fires,
Will you barter your birthright away !
That WASHINGTON'S spirit may witness the deed,
And smile that his children were fit to be freed.

DESPAIR.

AWAY, thou shadowy form of air,
False siren Hope ! whose wanton smile
Lights to uncertain joy, awhile,
That the black midnight of the soul,
May work intenser dole ;
But come, Despair !
From thy dark infinite of wo,
Where brood the fiends of hell—
Where tortured wretches yell
In misery below ;
Where, racked in bloodless agony, the heart
Crusts with remorse, and feels the dart
Corroding in its festered bed,
With the twice damning thought, that self the death-
bolt sped !
Spirit ! whose light is death,
Whose shroud-like wings, outspread,
O'ercanopy my struggling dreams
With harrowing dread,

When vampyres banquet on my breath,
Or when the night-hag frights me into screams —
While with her lank and sinewy arms,
She hugs me, till her working charms
Dry up the brain, and bid the life-blood stay !
Thou, who bestrid'st the whirlwind of the soul,
And fright'st away
Thought from her dwelling place, and dost control
The passion of existence — come to me,
And find a welcome everlastingly.

Bared to the blasting storm,
I see thy haggard form,
With locks, where knotting adders twine,
While muttering fiends whisper the tardy lashes, —
Thy tearless eyeballs redd'ning with the flame,
That left thy heart in ashes. —
I see thee, and I know thee to be mine !
My soul shall course with thee through the sulph'rous air,
And light upon the avalanche on high,
Waiting the wind's command ;
And thou shalt near me stand,
And chain me with the horrors of thine eye —
I'll float with thee upon the stagnant main,
When death looks famished at me, and again
Court the volcano's wrath —
Where lies the rotting path

Of pestilence, or desolation wild —
Where earthquakes split the mountains, and o'erthrow
What centuries have piled —
Spirit, I'll go ! wherever havoc dare,
And dream a *life-in-death* of endless agony.

THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

“TAKE ye the world!” said Love, from his high heaven,
Addressing man; “and let it be your own, —
“A never-ending patrimony given; —
“Divide it now, as brothers do, alone.”

All hands, forthwith, were busy in providing,
The young and old strove eagerly for gain; —
The husbandmen, the fertile fields dividing,
The nobleman, the forest and the plain.

The merchant crammed his storehouse to the ridges,
The abbot chose the most delicious wine,
The king shut up the highways and the bridges,
And said: — “A tithe of every thing is mine!”

Long after the division was completed,
Far wandering the poet then applied; —
Alas! no chance his anxious wishes greeted,
For not a thing remained unoccupied.

“Ah, wo is me ! am I then of all living,
Thy most devoted son, bereft alone !”
Thus wailing, Echo took what grief was giving,
And wafted it to Jove’s celestial throne.

“If thou within the land of dreams hast tarried,”
Said Jove, — “thou never shouldst complain to me ; —
Where wast thou when the chances were all carried ?”
“I was,” replied the luckless bard, “with thee !”

“My vision then was bathing in thy beauty, —
Mine ear was drinking music from the spheres ; —
Forgive the mind thy light has led from duty,
And blinded to all sublunary fears !”

“What can be done ?” said Jove : — “the world is given, —
Its wealth and pleasures flow no more from me ;
But if thou wilt reside with me in *heaven*,
Whene’er thou com’st ’twill open still to thee !”

THE END.

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation. It is only about 150 years old, and its history is therefore a very recent one. This is in contrast to the history of the European countries, which have been for centuries. The second fact is that the United States is a large country. It covers a vast area of land, and its population is very large. This is in contrast to the European countries, which are much smaller. The third fact is that the United States is a free country. It has a long history of freedom, and its people are very proud of their freedom. This is in contrast to the European countries, which have often been ruled by kings and emperors. The fourth fact is that the United States is a democratic country. Its people have the right to elect their representatives, and they are free to express their opinions. This is in contrast to the European countries, which have often been ruled by kings and emperors. The fifth fact is that the United States is a peaceful country. It has never been at war with another country, and its people are very peaceful. This is in contrast to the European countries, which have often been at war with each other. The sixth fact is that the United States is a progressive country. Its people are always looking for new ways to improve their lives, and they are always willing to try new things. This is in contrast to the European countries, which are often very conservative. The seventh fact is that the United States is a powerful country. It has a very strong military, and it is one of the most powerful countries in the world. This is in contrast to the European countries, which are often much weaker. The eighth fact is that the United States is a rich country. It has a very high standard of living, and its people are very wealthy. This is in contrast to the European countries, which are often much poorer. The ninth fact is that the United States is a happy country. Its people are very happy, and they love their country. This is in contrast to the European countries, which are often very unhappy. The tenth fact is that the United States is a beautiful country. It has a very beautiful landscape, and its people are very proud of their country. This is in contrast to the European countries, which are often very ugly.

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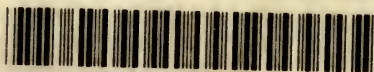
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